Saturday Review

RECORDINGS

JANUARY 28, 1961 / 25¢

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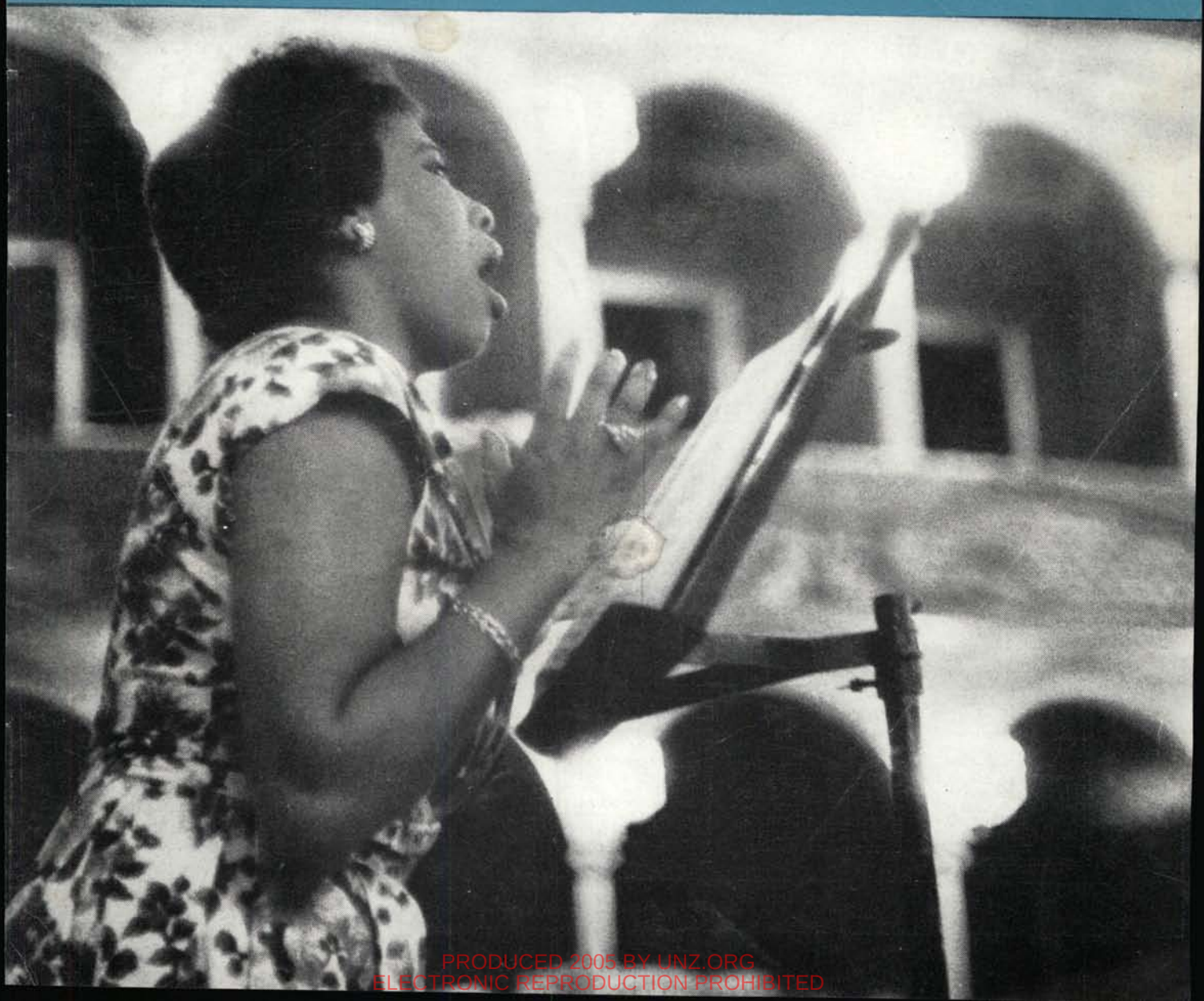
By Robert and Leona Train Rienow

Leontyne Price recording "Il Trovatore," in which she makes her Metropolitan debut this week. (See Recordings)



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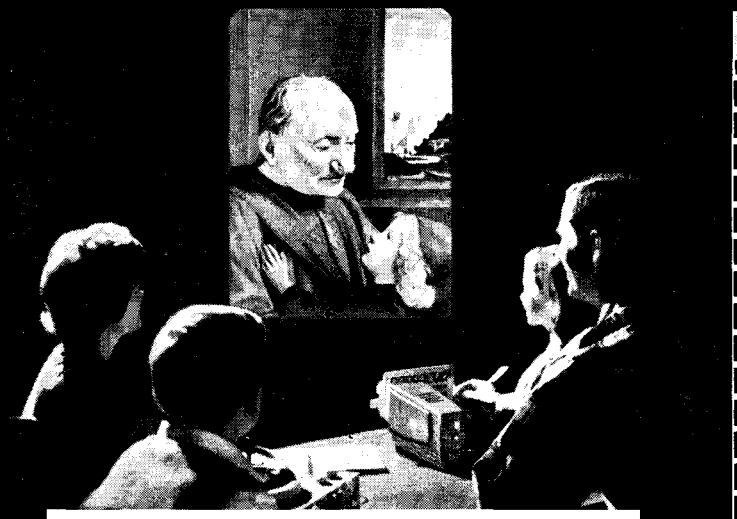

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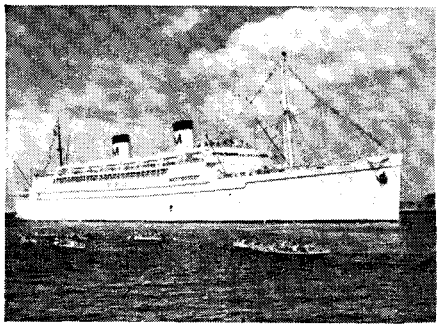

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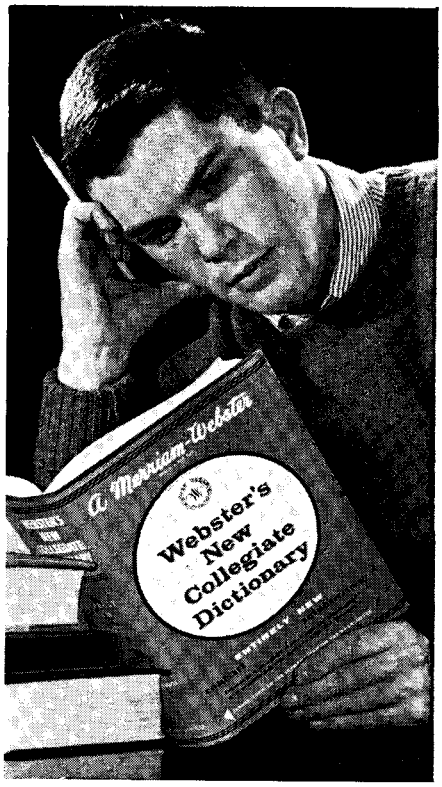

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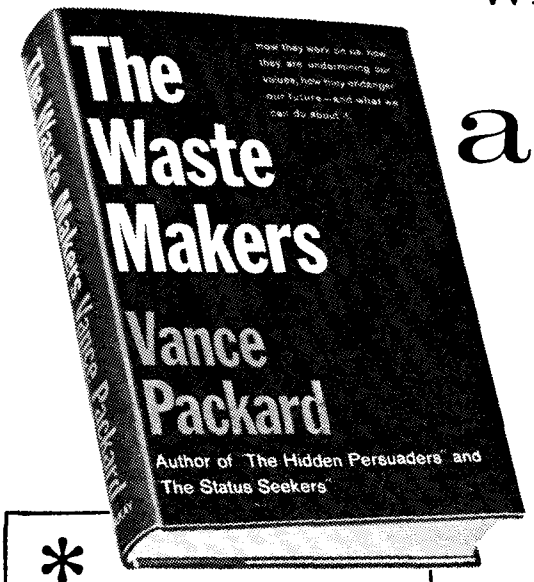

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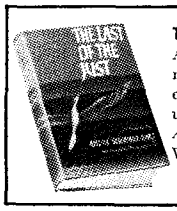

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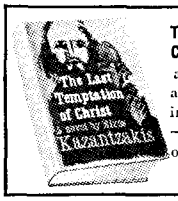

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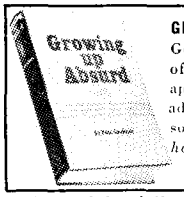

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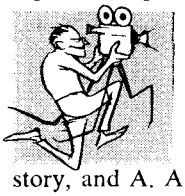

American in 1961 and concludes that wall-to-wall comfort isn't everything. Osborn's rapier pen tells part of the story, and A. A. Berle and Murray Lincoln figure prominently in this unusual and provocative film.

For information about showing "The Fur Lined Foxhole" to your club or group, write to Dept. SR, Nationwide Insurance, 246 N. High St., Columbus 16, Ohio.

RESPONSE TO our name-this-column contest (see Jan. 7 SR) was, to say the least, disappointing — an indication, perhaps, that contests without prizes have limited appeal.

Therefore, our apprentice artist has created a handsome 3" x 5" Award Certificate, to be presented to the person who submits an acceptable title before midnight, Jan. 28. (The judges' decision will be incontrovertible, and a carbon copy of the Certificate will be awarded in case of a tie.) Hurry!

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WITH THE CIVIL WAR Centennial now officially launched, we could think of nothing more appropriate than to talk with Bruce Catton, the Civil War author.

"Oh, lord," he said, when we asked him what he was up to. "I don't know where to begin. I'm working on a three-volume over-all history of the

war for Doubleday, and I've got the first volume in their hands. I'm hard at work on the second right now. I'm also sandwiching in work on two more books about U. S. Grant. Then, too, my son, who teaches at Princeton, is working with me on a book about Lincoln and Davis for McGraw-Hill. I also find myself chairman of the New York State Commission for the Centennial, along with a good work load at *American Heritage*. I guess that about covers it."

THE CENTENNIAL is stirring up activity in many parts of the country. Mr. Catton had just returned from a trip to South Carolina's military college, the Citadel, where he made a commemorative speech on the hundredth anniversary of the fall of Fort Sumter, the first battle of the Civil War.

"It was the cadets at the Citadel who fired the first shots at the Union ship *Star of the West*," Mr. Catton told us, "and since I'm a damn Yankee I was very flattered that they asked me if they could keep the manuscripts and notes of my books in their library collection. I'm delighted to let them have them and I'm glad that one of the bloodiest wars in history hasn't left any noticeable scars of hostility down there.

"You know, it's an ironic fact that the firing on Fort Sumter launched this bloody war, but not a single man on either side was killed in the action. But even more ironic is the fact that two Union men were killed just *after* the surrender, at a flag-lowering ceremony in which a cannon backfired."

Each year the Citadel awards a "Star of the West" citation to an outstanding cadet. This year, the award went to the great-grandson of the *Union* commander at Fort Sumter.

WE DON'T RECOMMEND that you place a person-to-person call to Major General Ulysses Simpson Grant III without explaining in detail to the operator that you're very serious about it.

The general, who is the grandson of the Civil War hero and a distinguished public figure in his own right, is chairman of the Civil War Centennial Commission.

"We'd like to place a call to General Ulysses Grant, in Clinton, New York," we told the operator.

"I beg your pardon?" she said.

"Ulysses S. Grant," we said. "Clinton, New York."

"I'm sorry, sir," said the operator. "We're not permitted to encourage this kind of practical joke."

"But this is the honest-to-gosh truth," we said. "This is *not* joking."

There were a few clicks on the other end of the line, and then the local operator said: "Clinton information? *Is* there a Ulysses S. Grant listed there?"

There was—and we finally made our connection.

MAJOR GENERAL GRANT, at the age of seventy-nine, is traveling over the country to carry out his duties with the Centennial Commission.

"We hope that the Centennial will increase the present generation's knowledge of the Civil War—and also

of all American history," he told us. "It will make us all appreciate the suffering and hard work that took place a hundred years ago to maintain this country and its ideals. It's a commemoration for the great sacrifices people made on both sides, for causes they believed were right."

The percentage of losses in the Civil War was among the highest in history, the general reminded us.

"Just speaking from memory," he said, "I believe the casualties suffered by the First Michigan at Gettysburg and the First Texas at Antietam were

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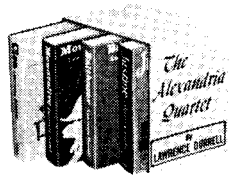

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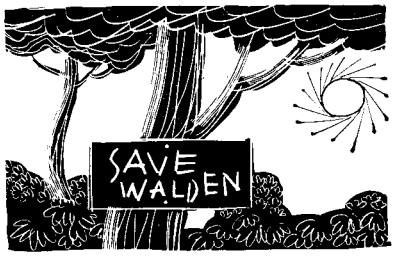
ONE OF THE REASONS for the heavy Civil War casualties, according to both Mr. Catton and General Grant, was the sudden increase in firepower combined with the rigid, shoulder-to-shoulder formations that were used.

"My grandfather wrote to my father from Ohio, after the battle of Belmont, that he had deployed his entire force as skirmishers. This might have been the beginning of the more open form of battle," the general told us.

JUST A YEAR AFTER the Civil War began, Henry David Thoreau died. Efforts to keep his Walden Pond in its original condition have been sparked by the "Save Walden Committee," under the leadership of architect and



conservationist John E. Nickols, who has been aided by Truman Nelson and others.

Last May, the Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court ordered the Middlesex County Commissioners to remove the "improvements" of 1956, which included stripping a slope of trees, widening the bathing beach, building a road, and creating other inducements for orange peels and pop bottles, as reported in this column some time ago.

When the decision was won, Mr. Nickols said that he doubted whether the County Commissioners were "technically, financially, or emotionally capable of doing the job."

We called Mr. Nickols in Boston to get an up-to-date report on the situation; the results are not encouraging.

"There's no evidence on the scene that they've done anything in the way of restoration," Mr. Nickols told us dolefully. "They've made some kind of embankment that looks like a railroad bed. To restore something takes imagination and creativity. These boys just don't have it."

"What can you do," he went on, "when the gentlemen who are entrusted with this job are trying to make it look like the Boston Common or Central Park?"

The "Save Walden Committee" is still active, and hoping to continue the

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fight. Contributions can be sent to the Committee, care of Mr. Nickols, at Concord, Massachusetts.

IF YOU SHOULD FEEL that this is too depressing, you may find a moment or two of diversion in the fact that Dr. Martin Schwarzschild, professor of astronomy at Princeton, reports that as much as 90 per cent of the universe may be "missing"; that Alice Cromie of Graveslake, Illinois, reports that she read a decorator's column which suggested, "To get that fresh, gay, white look for spring, turn all your book jackets inside out"; that a New York

jeweler is offering a fourteen-carat gold coffeepot with diamonds and rubies, for the "woman who has everything else," for a neat $50,000 (shown by private appointment); that a local wag has passed along—for whatever it's worth—the name of an imaginary Chinese patriot: Yangtze Doodle Dandy; that Dr. Richard E. Gordon asks in his new book, "The Split Level Trap," if we're commuting to disaster; that Elna Lawrence, of New York, wonders why Andersen's fairy tales aren't as Grimm as some; that a "grapho-analyst" by the name of M. N. Bunker claims that Lincoln's handwriting shows that he was "lacking in imagination"; that the Reverend C. J. McNaspy claims that this country is in the middle of a cultural boom, with more than twice the number of visitors last year at the Metropolitan Museum of Art than the attendance at Yankee Stadium; that 17,000 new books will be published in 1961; and that Alvin Arnheim, of New York, wonders whether, if somebody eats too much chow mien, he'll get a hangdog look. —JOHN G. FULLER.

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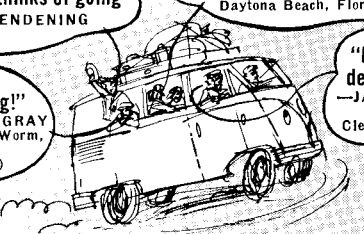

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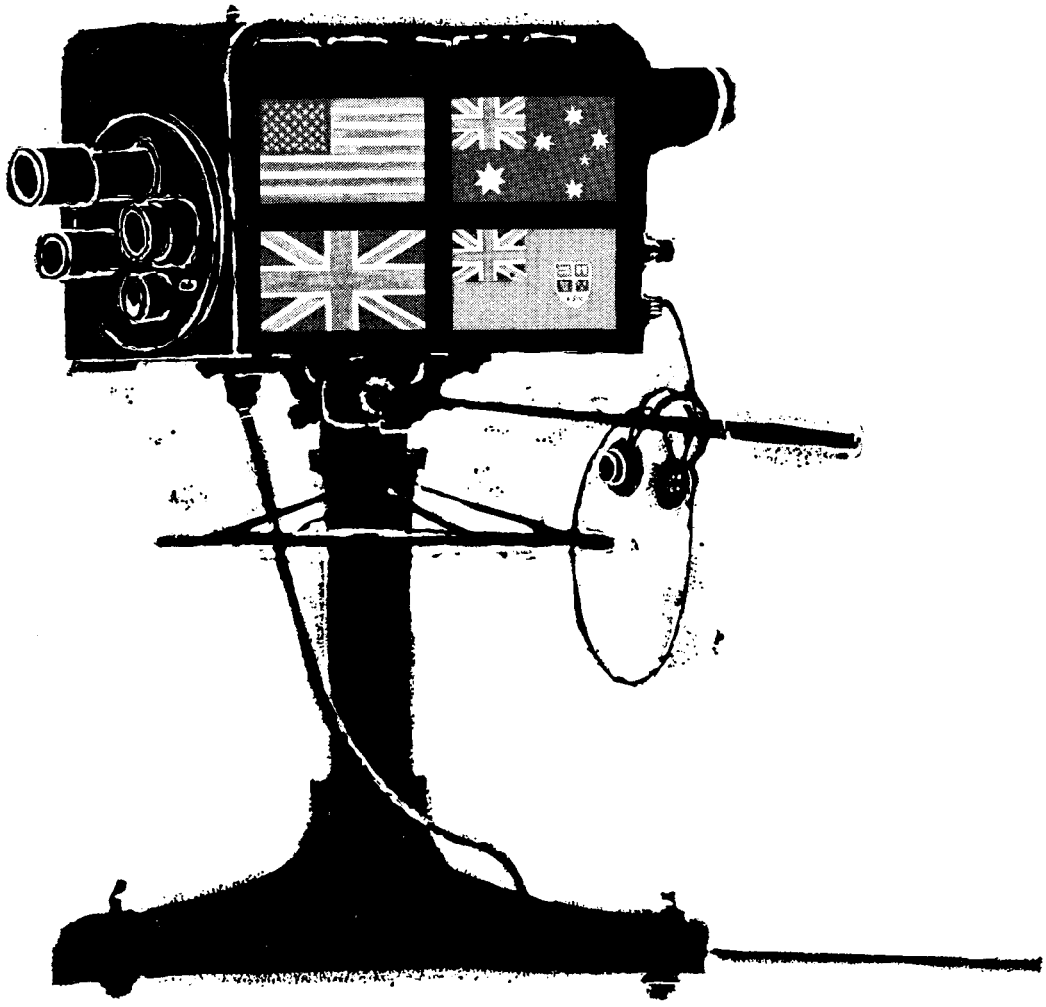

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Saturday Review
JANUARY 28, 1961

THE DESPERATE WORLD OF THE SENIOR CITIZEN

By ROBERT AND LEONA TRAIN RIENOW

Perhaps never before in the nation's history have America's elderly people figured so prominently or so constantly in the news. President Kennedy's legislative program includes greatly expanded aid to the aged; the National Conference on Aging earlier this month endorsed medical care under the Social Security system; and physicians, politicians, and laymen have been vigorously—and sometimes bitterly—arguing about what should be done for the growing army of the aged. Significantly, most of the proposals revolve around specific material benefits. Yet there remains in the minds of many the conviction that the elderly need something more. In the following article, Robert and Leona Train Rienow, a husband-and-wife writing team specializing in current problems, suggest what that "something more" may be. Dr. Rienow is the author of seven books on various phases of government. His eighth, "Contemporary International Politics," is scheduled to be published by Crowell this spring.

WITHIN the next twenty-four hours, 3,000 more persons will join the ranks of those who are euphemistically called the "senior citizens." Altogether, so long as they can get to the polls, America's oldsters make a potentially formidable army of 16,000,000 voters. Badgered by economic worries, harassed by failing health, they are for the most part in dire need. Three-fifths of all persons over sixty-five receive less than $1,000 a year in money income; only one-fifth receive more than $2,000; and about one-tenth receive no personal income whatsoever. They are, almost without exception, cruelly lonely, suffering from feelings of rejection and neglect.

This is the "golden age of life"—long anticipated, glorified as a period of ease and enjoyment. Yet it has the highest suicide rate of any age group in the nation.

In the problems of our senior citizens are the makings of an explosive political situation. It cannot be allayed with reports and conferences—not even with White House conferences such as the one that has just concluded in Washington. It is a recognized fact that a dependent, isolated social group attempting concerted action is vulnerable to political exploitation. With demogogic leadership always on the horizon, these, our oldsters (who, by the way, vote in larger proportion than any other age group), may yet pull the political sword from their cane. Barred as they are by public regulation from improving their lot, where, except to government, can they turn for a solution? "If we do not meet the needs of the senior citizens," muttered a somber witness before a subcommittee on the problems of the aging, "we may very easily have a gerontocracy."

The hopeful part, however, is that the agitators who would rouse the elders to selfish bloc-voting have so far failed to recognize one salient point: more money, more benefits, more handouts are *not* the chief desiderata of the aged. The consensus of extensive recent surveys shows a far deeper and more aching need. If society can answer this need with grace and dispatch, we may yet foil the incendiaries and keep the sword in its cane. And, not incidentally, alleviate a soul-crushing anguish.

THAT the swiftly growing army of the aged is redoubtable and disquieting in its political implications is unquestioned. The absolute and proportionate number of its members is growing fast. Over 10 per cent of all the people in Iowa, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Oregon, and Vermont are over sixty-five; 20 per cent of all voters in the nation can be politically classed as aged. Moreover, one-third of them live in the pivotal states of California, Illinois, Pennsylvania, and New York. Medical progress and the fact that a booming nation of young people is steadily advancing in years accounts for the huge daily increase; on the basis of present trends, by 1970 the number of people over sixty-five—16,000,000 today—will have risen to 20,000,000.

"Of all persons who have ever reached the age of sixty-five since the dawn of mankind," reports Senator Pat McNamara, "25 per cent are alive today." Moreover, two out of every three who have celebrated their sixty-fifth birthday will reach their seventy-fifth and one out of every four his eighty-fifth.

FUTURE politics may well turn out to be a power struggle between the average citizenry and the aged. The campaign of 1960 was only an intensification of a trend that has been mounting since the old folks made their initial breakthrough with the passage of the Social Security Act in 1935. Before each major election, Congress has sweetened the program to attract the support of this dependent segment of the electorate. But in 1960 there were definite signs that this somewhat amorphous mass of check-cashers was growing into a tangible power bloc. Once only a subordinate group, they are steadily rising to a level of social organization and consequent political effectiveness.

That the aged are at last coming into their own is clearly shown by the publicity that focused on the McNamara

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subcommittee when it toured the country in 1959 to record the complaints of the elderly; by the pledges from both candidates in the recent election campaign; by the reassuring convention planks on the aged; by the Democratic Advisory Council's championing of the old folks' cause. This swiftly maturing power bloc will unquestionably attract new leadership. As the pace accelerates, the aged feel ever more in need of guidance. Whether the leadership will emphasize duty—or booty—is a matter of growing concern for every American.

Already, some states and communities are feeling the sting of the old folks' bloc-voting. No one doubts that the generous pension plans of Colorado and the State of Washington were quite directly handed to themselves by the aroused pensioners. But perhaps no state has built so much political consciousness into old age as California. There, pensioners are organized in impressive numbers into the California Institute of Social Welfare, whose dramatic standard-bearer, George McLain, is now moving into the national arena.

IN the 1960 Presidential campaign the single most talked about pocketbook issue was medical care for the aged. Moreover, more and more attention will unquestionably focus on national programs for our elderly. With new-found influence, variously pitched voices throughout the country (claiming to speak authoritatively for the mass of the aged) articulate their demands: (1) improved medical care benefits under Social Security; (2) increased Social Security and assistance payments; (3) a stepped-up housing program for the elderly; (4) further relaxation of the limitation on earnings; and (5) special breaks on tax laws.

That the aged are suffering from penury and untended illnesses there can be no doubt. The recent Congressional hearings brought forth some relevant testimony. "We wait and wait and wait to go to a doctor not because of any red tape," said one oldster, "but because we keep hoping that that lump or that ache or that ominous sign will go away because we don't have the money to pay." Another frequent, half-humorous complaint: "They prescribe one medicine for you, maybe it costs $15. Then before long he will say, 'We have got to change that medicine.' But you have got half that medicine left in the bottle. What are you going to do? Throw away $7.50?"

Three-fifths of older men who give up their jobs do so voluntarily because of their physical condition and more than three-quarters of retired people think of themselves as too ill to work at a steady job. That their ailments spring in part from a depressed mental outlook underlines the social nature of the problem.

It is shocking that the proportion of people over sixty-five who take their own lives is three to four times that of persons in the prime of life. Such suicides are common both among those very poor and those well off. "Sorry, can't stand this pain any longer. Hotel bill money in purse. I have no one," read one seventy-two-year-old woman's note. And a seventy-one-year-old man wrote: "Dear daughter Mary: At this writing I am feeling very miserable and see no good reason for prolonging it. . . . It is even hard to get around and impossible to venture out. Some of my friends have offered to help but that can't go on indefinitely. I could go to a sanitarium for a while but that is so costly that I'd only last a little while and then have to go to a pauper's grave. At present there is at least enough to give me a decent burial. . . . Love to you all, Dad." Another: "I know you don't have the time to come to see me, but there's nothing left here alone. Forgive me. Mother."

Where are the children of these old folks who daily take their own lives from sheer lonely despair? They are the products of this new age of thinking and living: the age of small homes and smaller apartments, the age of the shibboleth "Mother would much rather live alone. She is *so* independent."

Unquestionably, children are no longer of much help in caring for the aged. Sociologists find a growing reluctance to having grandpa underfoot. The pros and cons of this problem are not of concern here. What does concern us is that this new attitude on the part of children has added a new and frightening feeling of "being on your own" to the mental problems of the old folks. The situation is particularly telling on aged widows, more than a third of whom cash a Social Security check for $50 or less each month.

There is, of course, no way of completely relieving the aged of their burdens, any more than society can take the tension out of business or the recklessness out of youth. But substantial material benefits are without doubt in the cards. The danger lies not so much in the strain such benefits could place on the Social Security system, as in the possibility that the blind pursuit of material ends could seal the identity of the aged as a group apart—a group whose struggle for existence is in a very real sense a battle against society. The hazard is in imagining that we can buy a cash solution for what is equally a sociological problem, that money alone can take the place of warmhearted acceptance. How moral is it to stand indifferently by while our aged pursue strange and empty visions of fulfillment?

Moreover, more benefits would fill less than half the need. Astoundingly, the bulk of the oldsters' worries are not about material things at all. After putting in a long day worrying about himself, the senior citizen puts in long overtime worrying about the world. He worries about abstractions, such as the frightful turn affairs are taking in the hands of the incompetent younger set. He worries by the hour about "young people's ideas about morals and religion." It is a revelation to learn that for all their ailments, fewer elders complain about the inadequacy of medical facilities than about "the way the country is being run," or "the way the city is being mismanaged."

We may not be able to turn the clock back to the buckboard-and-hayride days when everyone acted wisely and young people were all of a dewy-eyed innocence—but we can make an attempt to take the old folks' minds off the fretting. At a day center in New York City, a vigorous new program of activities for the elderly paid off in a 70 per cent decline in their visits to the medical center and dramatically reduced the number of mental cases. At best, the channeling of grousing energy into action and public service may improve the world's dire state; at worst, it will save the public a great deal of money in medical care.

YET the overriding reason for unrest among the senior citizens is not the lack of health or money. What our retired elders yearn for more than anything else is involvement. They are crushed with the feeling of no longer being wanted, useful, or important to others. They have been stripped of their value—and so of their dignity as human beings.

Here, then, is the sorest spot of all—a spot which the prescribing medicine men, in their hasty diagnoses, have failed to probe. If society can solve this problem, a powerful voting segment of the citizenry may yet be saved from retreating resentfully to the warm chimney corner of selfish-bloc, grab-all politics.

"We are not discards!" angrily shouted a retired gentleman at the hearings, and the room mutteringly answered him: "It hurts more than anything to be ignored" . . . "My family neglects me—as if I were dead already" . . . "I am made to feel that I am contributing nothing. Why keep on living?"

The truth is that most of the suicides

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of the oldsters are not caused by acute or chronic pains or the costs of illness. It is raw loneliness and the feeling that they are no longer a part of life that drives them to suicide.

Old people do not want to be set apart. "Don't rig up childish entertainment for us," fretfully exclaims a former teacher of eighty-three. "These kiddy sing-songs and charity programs are an insult to what intelligence we have left." A retired Wayne University professor put it this way: "I think they want to be more *alive*." She added, "My hunger is to communicate—to teach—to be a part of the stream of life."

"Life must be made meaningful for us again," said an elderly retired businessman. "Don't make 'problems' of us. Don't give us 'planned recreation.' We want to stay people."

A corollary of their feeling of being discarded is the elders' "status anxiety." They cannot bear degradation of their former standing. They shy from the term "aged" and cast about for a badge of honor. They refuse to speak of themselves and other elders as "we" or "us." Socially, senior citizens fight the very "we feeling" that their would-be leaders are trying to build up in them politically.

They have great pride—but the pride is not in being old. An older woman sought financial help with her doctor's bill and was told, "Well, if you have nothing, let me know and I will try to do something about it." She never went back. Why? "I didn't want to tell them that I have nothing," she said. "We don't have nothing. My husband and I have an income of $165 a month."

IT is the lack of fulfillment, rather than physical lack, that makes old people potential suckers for an organizer. They have not yet lost faith, it is true, in the possibility of finding a solution without organizing politically. But they are becoming organization-conscious. About three-quarters of them now think they need organization—but they aren't clear what kind, or what they would do with it. When the opportunist steps forth who can consolidate them into a cohesive force, he will have at his disposal a powerful political weapon.

We have reached a point where throwing a sop in the form of increased benefits won't do the job any more than an increased allowance for young people would wipe out juvenile delinquency. Our old people are caught up in the backwash of a technological civilization in which industrial uselessness has not yet been compensated for in terms of social adjustment. In establishing an arbitrary age of obsolescence, we have not counterbalanced the hardships of economic discard with any measure of social prestige.

People have always turned old. The problem is not in the aging; it is in the social segregation of the aged with its potential misidentification and misdirection. We have put the entire burden of adjustment on the person who turns sixty-five. We have been blind to the fact that society, too, must make ad-

(*Continued on page* 55)

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The Real and the Surreal

By Granville Hicks

ALTHOUGH he is a citizen of the United States, Egon Hostovsky was born in Czechoslovakia and writes in Czech. He writes a kind of surrealist fiction in which adventure, fantasy, and philosophy are mingled. His newest novel is "**The Plot**" (Doubleday, $4.50).

Peter Matthiessen is a young American, and "**Raditzer**" (Viking, $3) is his third novel. His first, "Race Rock," was a perceptive story of young people after the war. The second, "Partisans," rather surprisingly dealt with the appeals of Communism in the 1950s. In "Raditzer" he explores yet another path.

"The Plot" and "Raditzer" are in some ways a good deal alike: both are concerned with the problem of identity and the nature of guilt. In method, however, they differ considerably. Hostovsky plunges us into a situation in which it is impossible to say where sanity ends and madness begins. Matthiessen, on the other hand, is soberly realistic, and yet through the intensification of emotional effects he pushes beyond the boundaries of realism.

At the beginning of "The Plot" a party is being held to celebrate the birthday of the narrator, Jan Bares, a successful Czech writer living in New York. At the party are his mistress, his publisher, his lawyer, a moving picture producer, a doctor, a swindler, and a priest. There is also, or so Jan thinks, an uninvited guest, who turns out to be George Beck. Later, after Jan has told of the part Beck has played in his life, we discover that no one else has seen Beck at the party.

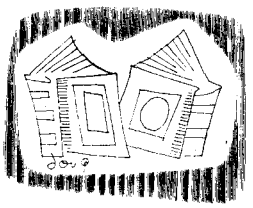
There follows for Jan a series of strange adventures, in the course of which he becomes convinced that most of his friends are conspiring against him. In fact, he comes to believe that he can trust only Robert Hacken, the con man, and Milada, his mistress, and he has doubts about the latter.

This seems like madness, and at times Jan is not sure but what he has lost his mind, and yet it turns out that he is sane. At the party, he eventually understands, he did have a kind of breakdown, and as a consequence he suffered from hallucinations, but his mental crisis can be explained. "All my so-called success as a television and movie writer, plus the reputation and the money I've made lately—all of that came exclusively from the decline of the man and the writer—Jan Bares of Nachod. I became a collaborationist—collaborating with the conspirators." He has been untrue to himself, and the collapse is the price he pays, but at the same time it marks his rediscovery of his true self.

In the light of all this, we recognize that the conspiracy is not a delusion. The men Jan has thought of as his friends, representing various important social institutions, do not want him to be a free man, and they will destroy him if they cannot bring him back to conformity. Only the swindler, who is carrying on his own war with society, can tolerate Jan's freedom, and he proves untrustworthy in other ways. The one Jan can count on, it turns out, is Milada, though he and she both realize how fragile love is.

There are various subsidiary themes, but chiefly Hostovsky is concerned with the problem of nonconformity. He hasn't much to say that hasn't been said before; however, he is a lively writer, and there are many vivid passages and some funny ones. He creates at the outset an atmosphere of fantasy, then skilfully brings the reader down to earth.

The Hostovsky book is amusing but never particularly moving. Matthiessen, on the other hand, in his 160 pages, shakes the reader hard. His title character, Raditzer, is as unattractive a person as one can find in fiction, incompetent, self-pitying, malicious. We meet him on a troop ship bound for the Pacific theatre of war in the fall of 1944, and he is immediately shown to be a malingerer. It is Charlie Stark who takes over Raditzer's duties on the ship, and it is through Stark's experience that Raditzer is made clear to us. Illegitimate, brought up in an orphan asylum, a drifter and a grifter since his early teens, Raditzer has reason to be sorry for himself and to hate people who have been more fortunate. Stark, on the other hand, is the son of a prosperous lawyer, college educated, happily married. Raditzer says to him, "Life was figured out for a guy like you before you was even born hardly."



Matthiessen leaves us in no doubt about Raditzer: "It seemed unlikely that the man had ever been redeemable since that covert hour of his conception, but had perhaps been placed on earth by a disgruntled God as a kind of latter-day bastard Jesus, an immaculate corruption." All of the men on the ship are disturbed by Raditzer in some obscure way, and allow him to impose on them as they would allow no one else. But it is Stark, who has been more highly privileged than any of the others, who feels the deepest guilt in Raditzer's presence. And Raditzer, knowing this, clings to him.

Both men finish out the war at Pearl Harbor. There is a girl whom Raditzer thrusts in Stark's way, taking great pride in Stark's resistance, yet hoping for his downfall, which is eventually brought about. For a time Stark is free from Raditzer, and has only his conscience to reckon with, but the bad penny turns up on the voyage home, worse than ever. There are men on board who have no tolerance left, and Stark is barely able to save Raditzer's life—or, as it turns out, to postpone his death.

"WITH Raditzer," Stark says in the course of the homeward voyage, "you have only two choices, because you aren't going to change him. One choice is to tolerate him, on the grounds that he shares the human condition —" His friend interrupts: "And the other is, you kill him, on the grounds that he don't." That is precisely the situation, and the reader feels how horrible it is. To kill Raditzer, who is so clearly a victim of circumstances, is to become less than human, but to tolerate him is to recognize what frightfulness the human condition embraces and to be degraded by the recognition. Stark knows as the voyage ends that he has lost all hope for a happy marriage or a good life.

Matthiessen's ideas, like Hostovsky's, are not original, but with Matthiessen that does not matter. His ability to give new life to an old theme is what makes his book important. The struggle between Raditzer's evil, which is almost but not quite absolute, and Stark's good, which is very limited indeed, is beautifully dramatic. As I began by saying, the novel is realistic, and yet it goes a long way beyond and below what realism ordinarily accomplishes. Raditzer becomes a powerful symbol while he remains a man in whom, alas, it is easy to believe.

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FICTION

From Monastery to Metropolis

"Among the Dangs," by George P. Elliott *(Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 225 pp. $3.95), and* ***"Nights in the Gardens of Brooklyn," by Harvey Swados*** *(Little, Brown. 248 pp. $4), sometimes satirize, sometimes sympathize with the fears and dreams of modern Americans. Professor of English at the University of Minnesota, William Van O'Connor is general editor of the "Reader's Bookshelf of American Literature."*

By William Van O'Connor

IN THE nineteenth century America did not, properly speaking, have a literature. She had a few writers of genius, mountain peaks rising from a flat plain. There were very few minor writers of talent and skill. In the twentieth century we have a few great writers, but we also have a good many writers of real talent, high hills or lesser mountains.

Harvey Swados and George P. Elliott, both emerging in the Fifties, are writers of talent. Had they lived in the nineteenth century and been able to attain their present level of competence we'd undoubtedly be reading about them in the literary histories. Elliott especially would have engaged critics and literary historians. But, alas, this might-have-been is fanciful, for we read them now, in a period that has produced many competent writers.

Elliott is a sophisticated satirist, and his subject is the tension between modernism, materialism, and scientism and man's continued need for faith, rituals, love, and esthetic satisfaction. His humor is not unlike that of J. F. Powers. Each of them enjoys, in a sympathetic way, the humor attendant upon dedicated men, frequently monks or priests, attempting to transcend their human limitations, and the ironical contrasts between monasteries and modern urban life. But the sympathy does not interfere with the disinterested and detached manner in which the situations are viewed. Elliott's stories at their best have something of what Henry James called the "sacred hardness of art."

"Among the Dangs," a story anthologized earlier, shows Elliott at his characteristic best. It concerns an American Negro who is an anthropologist. He "studies" a native group in South America, whom he calls the Dangs, by becoming a member of the tribe. After several periods with the Dangs, he settles down as a professor, with tenure, at Sansom University. One of the points repeatedly made is that the "primitive" is the human condition, whether on a campus or in a so-called native tribe.

George P. Elliott—sophisticated humor.

A similar and grimmer story is "Faq'." The setting is a "lost" community in North Africa, a systematically ordered Utopia. The geographer who discovers it, and lives there happily for a time, leaves because there was no pain or suffering in Faq'. "But my geographer is determined never to go there again, for he is sure that though he does not know what is right for men ordered perfection is wrong, and that though suffering is bad the lack of suffering is much worse."

Elliott's "anthropologizing" doesn't come off in such stories as "A Family Matter," in which an elderly, often-married man visits among his three sons and their wives, and "Miss Cudahy of Stowes Landing," in which a young man interested in early American architecture visits in the household of a crochety old lady and a young woman who is a deaf mute. In both stories, the situations are half grotesque and, while giving promise of interest, end without ever falling sharply into focus. In his best stories Elliott seems effortless; in his worst he seems to be trying too hard. Elliott also tends occasionally to indulge himself with technical story contrivances that seem obtrusive. But when he's good, as he is in "Among the Dangs" and "Faq'" he is very good.

Several of Harvey Swados's stories seem to be the result of his knowledgeability as a writer, not to have been written out of any deep involvement with their subjects. In "The Dancer" he manages characterizations and scenes in a manner not unlike Nathanael West's "Miss Lonelyhearts." Although skilfully done, the story lacks the power to move the reader in the way "Among the Dangs" and "Faq'" do.

Another, slighter story, "The Peacocks of Avignon," has the air of contrivance. A young American girl and her widowed, fifty-year-old mother are living on small means in France. The mother, without consulting the daughter, marries a twenty-five-year-old Frenchman. The daughter is ashamed of her mother, and they quarrel. In Avignon, where she goes after the quarrel, she sees the city in flood. On a hill above the deluge she notices two peacocks, and she hears a woman say, "*Ah, oui, oui, pour un moment de beauté. . . . Il faut avoir de la beauté.*" Shortly she understands her mother's desire for a moment of beauty before old age. "The Peacocks of Avignon" is far from incredible—but it may be too neatly devised to carry conviction. "Of Loneliness," which has one scene that is truly memorable, also wears an air of expertise.

ANOTHER side of Harvey Swados's talent appears in the title story, "Nights in the Gardens of Brooklyn," and "A Glance in the Mirror." The former breathes life into the young college-bred people whom Swados follows in New York City from the years after World War II until they are conscious of middle age beginning to catch up with them, and are aware of the pervasive stains on the once-white surface of their hopes and expectations. It is a moving story. Less moving but carrying its own poignancy is the second story, also a tale of middle age and the burdens of a certain type of "success."

The two writers are gifted, and even their relative failures are not uninteresting. Students of American literature used to say that too many American writers after doing one or two good books were burned out. There was something about the culture that . . . . One doesn't feel this will be true of Elliott or Swados.

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A Wanderer with Roots

***"Memoir of Spring," by Elick Moll** (Putnam. 188 pp. $3), conducts a self-made man from Hollywood back to Brooklyn in a quest for identity. Martin Tucker, a free-lance writer and critic, teaches English at Long Island University.*

By Martin Tucker

ALTHOUGH whispers of influence can be heard between the lines, the voice of this book is an individual one. Moll is using an ancient literary convention, the successful man returning to the scene of his longings; and an old theme, the triumph of ambition over environment. In "Memoir of Spring" the middle-aged protagonist, who is never referred to by name, leaves a $250,000 house in Beverly Hills, a beautiful twenty-seven-year-old wife, and a fabulous movie contract to prowl the corners of East New York. A self-made man, he is groping to find himself. But Moll's book is more than a literary evocation of lower-class Brooklyn smells, sights, and sounds. He fashions a nostalgic, irritating complement to luxury and contentment. Moll's hero does not find any answer to his quest for identity other than that the mystery is the solution, the meaning to life.

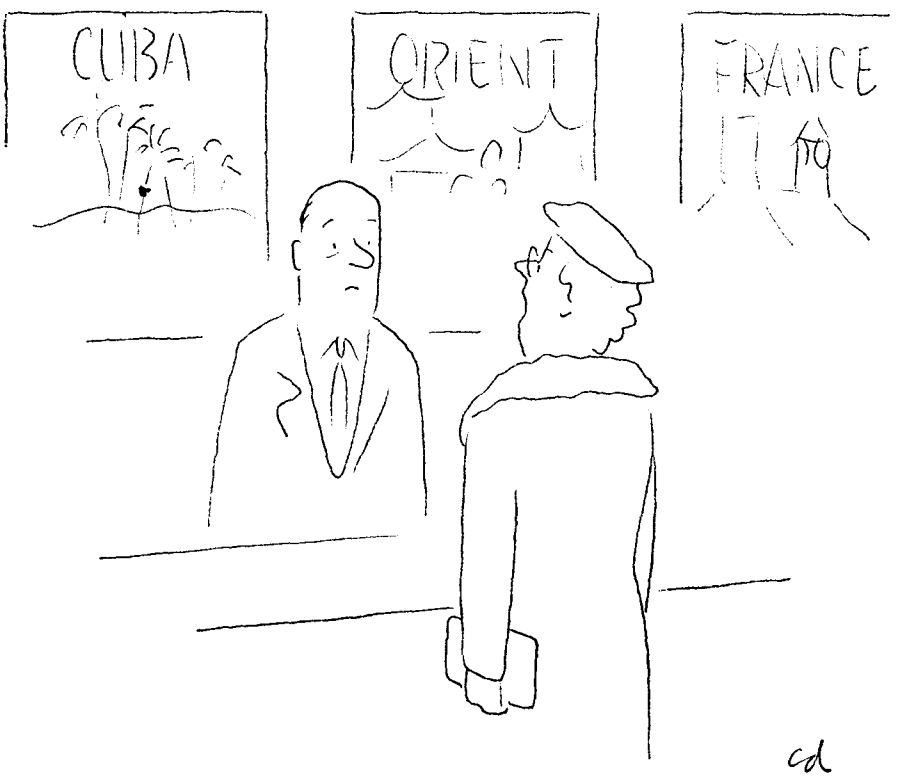
A highly successful composer (though on his last job the producer warned him he did not write the kind of music that motivated twelve-year-old audiences), the hero has risen from the rankest part of Brooklyn, where garbage, gangsters, and girlies take over the streets, and has gone on to write scores for fifteen lucrative movies. He has had one beautiful wife, and now has a younger, more beautiful and charming one. He has everything he once hoped for; and then one day his wife innocently asks him if he will help her get rid of some junk that has been accumulating in their old house. They are moving to a new, palatial residence in Holmby Hills, with a circular pool and a spectacular sunset guaranteed by the realtors.

The "junk" however—things the hero has collected since his childhood—is not thrown out, for he carries it with him throughout the next year in his psychological journey backward. This "junk" becomes the whole point of his life, the cause of his returning to New York, and finally helps him to end his search without ever having found anything more definite than the remains of the past. Or, as Moll puts it:

> We can be sure that against all disturbing intimations of immortality, all distractions of wonder and beauty, our need to possess and stifle each other, to use and betray each other, to judge, to condemn, to strike down, to spit on each other, will remain undiminished, forever part of our mysterious, profane destiny on earth.

But before he has left his "spring," that ever-returning memory of youth, Moll has his protagonist remember the sad and funny moments when his Aunt Rose tried to palm him off as a boy genius; when his Uncle Maish spent a fortune for his own concert in Town Hall and then he forgot the words of most of his songs; when his Uncle Ben, the tubercular, invalided dream-wreck, took matters into his own hands and got a dinner jacket for his nephew at a crucial moment. The hero also remembers his first loves: the Gentile, gentle Grace, who could afford $22 shoes and floppy hats during the Depression, who took the insulting silences of the Jews in the Catskill hotel because her profession made her alien to her own people as well as to Jews; and Miriam, the dark, beautiful, mysterious Jewess whose illegitimate child was suspected to have been fathered by her uncle-in-law.

American heroes chronically retrace their roots. Having less past to speak of than their European counterparts, they have been obsessed by the need to prove a tradition for themselves. What distinguishes Moll's book, aside from its warmth and compassion, is the phenomenon of the new Jewish-American hero. The Jew in American fiction has often appeared as a comic character, a peddler and a merchant, a wanderer-with-roots-he-can-carry-with-him (from "Abie's Irish Rose" to "The Adventures of Augie March"); he has suffered ostracism in "Gentlemen's Agreement" and his own snobbishness in "The Sun Also Rises." Perhaps the most familiar Jew in America is Sammy Glick, the garment manufacturer who *does not* ask questions but is content with his profit. Moll's book is one of a recent spate of novels built around a Jewish-American milieu, in which the Jew is also seeking his roots. The adaptation of Jewish fictional heroes into the traditional American picture of lost American Adams by Moll and such writers as Bernard Malamud, Philip Roth, and Grace Paley indicates a decisive change in this country's intellectual as well as literary consciousness.



"Where aren't we hated, as of this moment?"

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Morality with Heart

"The Right to an Answer," by Anthony Burgess *(Norton. 255 pp. $3.95), views the rising industrial class in England through the eyes of a successful, expatriate businessman. A well-known critic and novelist, Marghanita Laski writes regularly for the London Observer.*

By Marghanita Laski

THIS is an odd, rag-tag-and-bobtail of a novel, which starts with a distinctly nasty flavor and ends, surprisingly, with a sweet taste in the mouth. The English reviewer, reading it for an American journal, is, in an old-fashioned, perhaps rather chauvinistic way, a touch uneasy at first—well, yes, the English middle-class industrial suburbs *are* rather beastly today and likely to seem even more so to an expatriate businessman living on an expense account in the luxurious Far East, and it's not as if we could reasonably expect Mr. Burgess to give up the prospect of American royalties, but do we really want foreigners to have quite this picture of England? And, after all, since most of our people did manifest last year their belief that we've never had it so good, is it perhaps that novelists tend to look at suburban life in a rather bloody-minded way and that from another angle it might all seem quite nice, really?

But as Mr. Burgess meanders on—and meandering is what he does, to such an extent that two-thirds of the way through he actually stops and apologizes for it, just as, say, Trollope might have done—what begins to show is a really good heart, a nice exercise of morality. This fattish businessman who is the narrator, though he loathes his genteel sister Beryl and who can blame him, truly cares for his poor old dad, and introducing dad to the curry-cooking social investigator from Ceylon, the egregious and amorous Mr. Raj, is a proper act of filial piety. And he worries, really worries when grubby Mr. Winterbottom, the printer, leaves his bitchy wife for the oddly-moralitied daughter of the Georgian poet; and as for the pleasure he gets from Mr. Arden, the pubkeeper—a direct descendant of the Shakespeare Ardens—this we share to the full.

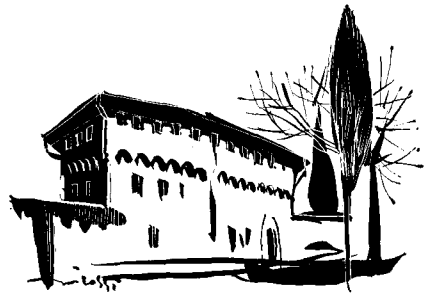
So little by little, and more by goodheartedness than by mastery of the narrative art (I'm not quite sure about this, but very nearly so), Mr. Burgess brings us to believing that we're reading rather a worth-while book. "You have had no action," he says to us in his apologia on page 183, but "Now, God help you, you shall have all the action you need," and so, God help us, we do, brimful and running over. There's a sad little death with a funeral party at Mr. Arden's pub, a prettily farcical, truly comical funeral party that is singularly well told. Then there are a couple of violent deaths (why not, why not, we murmur benignantly, by this time ready to go all the way with Mr. Burgess), and then there's the literary discovery of as near as, damme, all time, and then Mr. Arden suddenly lets out, casually as it were, that what we don't know about Shakespeare is an old family tradition with him, and out it all spills—about why Shakespeare left Stratford and the lowdown on the Dark Lady: "And e daren't go back to is wife. . . . E'd got a dose. This black one ad given it im." I forgot to say that by this time we're in Tokyo, and it only remains to add that what we end with is a moral last word on how what really matters to the world, see, is love.

I may have made it all sound a bit tempestuous, but after page 183 a bit tempestuous is what it is. It's also great fun, not *very* good but *rather* good, and, for all its depressing beginning, a book made out of the author's own head and not from other Zeitgeist books. And I don't really mind foreigners reading it. Certainly it doesn't make us look as if we're having it all that good, but it's not unlike what we are, and that doesn't turn out to be so bad after all.

FROM THE LAND OF THE PROPHETS: In **"A Coat of Many Colours"** (Abelard-Schuman, $3.45) Edwin H. Samuel, now a high civil servant in Jerusalem, brings together twenty-five stories, of which twenty-one are concerned with Jews in or outside Israel. Had the collection remained within the realm of humor and satire, instead of reaching out for drama as well, it would doubtless have been a good book. For its humor is gentle and rich, its satire subtle and yet biting. The author, whose father served as the first British High Commissioner in Palestine, describes the Jews there as they really are: not necessarily heroes-martyrs-fighters who preach Messianic Zionism twenty-four hours a day, but people who, like others, are sometimes ambitious, weak, and vain. Nor is any topic taboo to him; among Mr. Samuel's satirical targets are two of Israel's divinities: the Army and the ubiquitous fund-raising organizations.

Reading this new collection of short stories ("A Cottage in Galilee" was his first), one makes the reassuring discovery that Israel, the Land of the Prophets, is no paradise where everything, including boredom, is perfect. There, too, one needs pull to get a decent job; and having smuggled arms for the Haganah is almost a *sine qua non* for a nomination to head a cultural institute in London.

Of course, this picture is exaggerated. Danny Bentov, a Sabra who looks and behaves more British than the



functionaries in Her Majesty's Service, is but a rare phenomenon among Israel's emissaries abroad. But, then, satire is a magnifying glass, not merely a mirror or a window.

The book's flaws become apparent only when Mr. Samuel puts aside his sense of humor; at their best, his serious stories are but mediocre journalistic endeavors. The tale of the young American poet who committed suicide lacks the density of atmosphere, the intensity of style and image that would have made it a piece of art, or even a slice of life. The same applies to the story—based on true events—of the sailor who, deserting Israel's Navy, went to Indo-China to execute a Nazi, the murderer of his family. Here again the structure remains conventional, the dialogue impersonal, the substance much too thin.

Mr. Samuel has a pronounced gift for satire; he should stick to it. "The Golden Fleece"—a look inside fund-raising campaigns in this country—is superior to many things Harry Golden has written. "The Hero of Israel," "Joost Poifect," and "The Principle of the Thing" are also good reading. Unfortunately, there are other stories,

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such as "Our Brothers," a report on Soviet Jewry, which are astonishingly colorless—despite the book's promising title. —ELIE WIESEL.

VOYEUR ON A BLIGHTED FARM: Clay Hampton is a powerful, ignorant, obsessed man; and **"Season of Fear"** (Random House, $3.95) dramatizes the last summer of his life. He has endured the chore of living with his shrewish mother and her sister for thirty years, ever since his father ran away with another woman. Hunting for someone to love during all this time, he has become a religious bigot, because he has never found anyone to love him back.

The scene is a North Carolina tobacco farm, where Clay lives and works and watches his neighbors trespass against his warped sense of right and wrong. Clay watches the tenant farmer across the street, who cohabits with his stepdaughter while waiting for his wife to die of cancer. He watches the adulterers from a hut in a chinaberry tree outside their window, and in the name of God he sends the Ku Klux Klan to drive them away. Then he watches his new neighbors, particularly a beautiful young woman who moves into the adulterers' former bedroom, but who was never meant for the farm. He idealizes her, and when an unpleasant townsman marries her and makes her unclean, Clay seeks the advice of the cardboard Christ which hangs over his own bed, and then blows up the earthly bridegroom with six sticks of dynamite. Thereafter the cardboard statue no longer speaks to him, and an Old Testament retribution follows.

This story proceeds in a straight line, with almost nothing by which Hampton might judge himself. His inability to confess his lechery at a revival meeting is the best scene in the book; it is the one episode that approaches Clay's self-appraisal and the fear in the novel's title. For the rest, "Season of Violence" or "Season of Horror" would be more appropriate.

Guy Owen writes convincingly about the heat and the smells and the poverty of a blighted farm, and his characters sound at home when they talk. But he is also schooled in William Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha County and the notorious curse it bears, in T. S. Eliot's symbols of sterility in "The Waste Land," and Sherwood Anderson's frustrated mutes. There is a kind of literary determinism at work that makes this novel neater, paler, and much more calculable than its predecessors. Nevertheless, there is proof here that the author can write a better novel.

—ALBERT VAN NOSTRAND.

THE USSR

Patterns of Plot and Counterplot

"Soviet Foreign Policy After Stalin," by David J. Dallin *(Lippincott. 530 pp. $7.95), and* ***"Russia, America and the World," by Louis Fischer*** *(Harper. 237 pp. $4.50), chronicle the changes in international strategy employed by the USSR since the Second World War. William Henry Chamberlin, editorial correspondent of the Wall Street Journal, wrote "The Russian Revolution, 1917-1921."*

By William Henry Chamberlin

THE GRAND design and ultimate purpose of Soviet foreign policy is a fateful and difficult subject of study. Fateful, because it is mainly in Moscow that the decision rests whether there will or will not be a third world war. Difficult, because the Soviet Government has carried secrecy in diplomacy, as in other fields, far beyond normal limits, far beyond the traditions of the Czarist regime that it succeeded.

Here are two books which, in different ways, add substantially to the understanding of Moscow's actions, aims, and methods in foreign affairs. David J. Dallin is an erudite Russian political refugee, a former member of the Menshevik, or moderate Socialist, Party, which was wiped out, along with all other independent political parties, by Communist totalitarianism. He has already published books on many aspects of Soviet life and policy,

on earlier phases of Soviet foreign relations, on forced labor, espionage, and the Russian role in the Far East.

Mr. Dallin has now produced what gives every promise of being the definitive standard work on Soviet foreign policy from the death of Stalin in 1953 to the present time. Like all his writings, it is scholarly and solid, and its value as a reference work can scarcely be overestimated.

Louis Fischer is a thoughtful journalist, lecturer, and commentator on world affairs with a long list of books to his credit, several of which are about the USSR, where he spent many years. In his latest work, he ranges over a somewhat broader field than Dallin's without digging so deeply into research and with a snappier and more epigrammatic style.

The cold war, in Stalin's time and in Khrushchev's, has been fought on many fronts—in Europe and Asia, more recently also in Africa and Latin America. Mr. Dallin is equally at home with his material whether he is discussing the Big Four conferences on Germany, the upsurge against Soviet domination in Poland and Hungary in 1956, the complicated patterns of plot and counterplot in the Near and Middle East, the ups and downs of the Soviet-Chinese alliance.

He believes that the U-2 flights over the Soviet Union represented a pretext, not a genuine cause for the disruption of the proposed summit conference in Paris last May. Khrushchev lost interest in the conference when he realized, from his talk with de Gaulle in France and from the firm speeches on the subject by Herter and Dillon, that there was no chance of receiving at Paris the surrender of West Berlin. Discounting Khrushchev's protestations of outraged virtue in connection with the U-2 flight, the author refers to many cases of proved Soviet espionage, and drily adds:

> There is no basic difference between espionage in the air, on the sea or on land; espionage such as that conducted by the Soviet Union in Canada and Britain, which made it possible for Moscow to acquire the secrets of the atomic bomb, was at least as important as the American U-2 reconnaisance flights.

In the main, Mr. Dallin is a chronicler, rather than an interpreter. He

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"It looks like the end of the line for *him*, politically."

does, however, draw an interesting comparison between Stalin's foreign policy and Khrushchev's. The summary of Stalin's main ideas in foreign policy after the Second World War reveals, as one of its most important consequences, a tremendous increase in the relative power of the Soviet Union, both in Europe and in Asia.

Whenever and wherever extension of the Socialist (Communist) realm is possible without armed conflict with a great power such an extension is obligatory. The new "Socialist nations" (the Soviet satellites) must assume part of the burden of expansion that the Soviet Union has previously borne alone. This has meant less direct fighting on the part of the Soviet Union and more on the part of its allies.

The Soviet Union, according to Stalin as interpreted by Dallin, must abstain from any move on the international scene that must lead to a war with the West in which it would be directly involved. Finally, war is inevitable so long as capitalism exists; but war is more likely among capitalist nations than it is between the capitalist powers and the Soviet Union. This last idea, to be sure, was put forward by Stalin within a few months of his death, when his mind was probably somewhat affected, for it savors strongly of a crackpot theory. It is perhaps an extreme extension of Stalin's guile and cunning, which found practical expression when he bowed himself out of the Second World War by signing his notorious pact with Hitler and when he incited the North Koreans and Chinese to do his fighting for him in the Far East.

Khrushchev, in Dallin's view, introduced some new elements in Soviet foreign policy. He is willing to settle for the status quo in Europe (West Berlin, to be sure, may be an important exception); he is more willing than Stalin was to make deals with non-Communist, nationalist, anti-Western regimes, and he is willing to make some concessions to paper over "the open conflict with Yugoslavia and the hidden tensions over China."

If one finds more bedrock facts in Mr. Dallin's work, there are more arresting conclusions regarding the emerging new world in Mr. Fischer's wide-ranging commentary. These are often stated in brief, staccato form, suggestive of a lecture-platform manner. The quality of "Russia, America and the World" is perhaps best conveyed by a few citations:

"The age of science and technology is trying to elbow the age of ideology off the Soviet stage."

"Communism, in China as in Russia, is nationalism plus monopoly capitalism directed by an omnipotent bureaucratic state."

"The folly of war and the passing of empire have ushered in Europe's new internationalist era."

"Communism will evolve and destroy itself."

"Black Apartheid is as bad as White Apartheid."

Some of Mr. Fischer's judgments are debatable. He seems to overlook a good deal of evidence that the Communist commitments of Castro and his associates far antedate the take-over of power in Cuba. Sometimes his recommendations, notably in his chapter on "A Foreign Policy for America," assume the form of moral generalities, easier to state than to implement in the practical situations that arise in world politics. He seems to exaggerate Khrushchev's repudiation of Stalin; after his denigrating speech at the Communist Party Congress in 1956 Khrushchev publicly praised Stalin as "a great fighter against imperialism."

However, with his vigorous debating mind and his knowledge of the subject, Mr. Fischer is extremely effective in knocking down Soviet propaganda falsehoods (the supposed right of each Soviet Republic to secede, for instance) and demolishing the dream world of the unilateral disarmers.

Although both books are realistic in approach, Mr. Dallin foresees a time when the Soviet empire will dissolve, and Mr. Fischer hopes for an evolutionary mellowing of Soviet Communism. Here perhaps faith is stronger than the evidence of immediately ascertainable and visible facts.

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 914

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 893 will be found in the next issue.

CL ABLR OCL DNLFKTL

DTEFCGMGHKFQM SGSLBO

RCLB OG TQE BGOCKBH.

GTFQN RKMXL.

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 913

A capacity for self-pity is one of the last things any woman surrenders. —IRVIN S. COBB.

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From Space and Form to Structure

"Creation Is a Patient Search," by Le Corbusier; *translated by James Palmes (Praeger. 312 pp. $15), and* ***"Antonio Gaudí," by James Johnson Sweeney and Josep Lluís Sert*** *(Praeger. 184 pp. $15), present the revolutionary forms designed by two of Europe's most brilliant architects. Edgar Kaufmann, Jr. co-edited "Frank Lloyd Wright: Writings and Buildings."*

By Edgar Kaufmann, Jr.

THESE sparkling and luxuriously produced volumes are unique among architectural publications; they strive to equal the brilliant art books of our times. In sheer optical impact they succeed; in other respects they are gay deceivers. The U.S. publisher has issued them under the rubric "Books That Matter," and the attentive reader soon discovers that what matters in them is sumptuous illustration. All the more remarkable, then, that neither book contains a list of illustrations! Even the best illustrations provide no real analogy to the experience of architecture, though they may serve as mementos of buildings visited and as clarifiers of texts. Here the texts, considering the authors involved, are disappointing. If these two books represent a new high in glamour for their field, they tend toward something of a low in enlightenment.

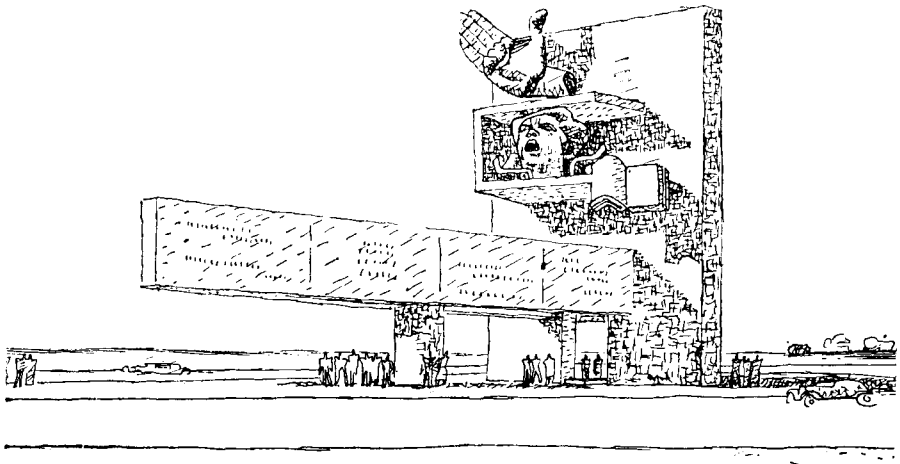
Le Corbusier is an undisputed leader of modern architects; many consider him the greatest genius of that art. Of late his work has sharply changed its appearance so that he, who once led the vanguard of rational expression, now leads that of imaginative invention. Where once his forms were calm they are contorted; where orderly, adventitious. However, his sculptural mastery of massing silhouetting, and light-play remains as sure as ever. It would not come amiss if such an artist were to tell his own story of the changes and the continuities in his work.

Now we are presented with this book, planned as the architect's monument to himself. Unlike the ample publications of his works and projects that have been issued regularly over the years, so that no architect is so well recorded, this is Le Corbusier's own book, in his words, arranged to suit his taste. What emerges is largely lamentations, as patterned as those of the Old Testament. Again and again we are told: L-C (as he refers to himself) wrought—he asked no fee—his associates undermined him—the work was fought through anyway—it was unveiled before a handful of admirers—the world of influence and wealth bluntly ignored a great accomplishment. L-C's frustrations in Russia, Algeria, the U.S., and France are described as all of one texture and one tone. To know this pattern and the regularity with which it repeats, in the artist's own words, certainly is valuable. What is unexpected is not the classical inevitability of his chorus, but the absence of great ideas, great experiences, or even a wry sense of humor to accent it and give it form. Such elements are present in Le Corbusier's works, but are absent from his test.

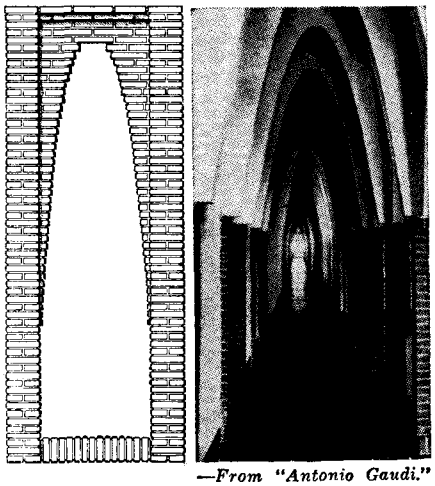
His accomplishment likewise is not said to undergo any development, once begun. Aged thirty-one, he tells us, he learned to paint; it was the liberating experience. Architecture, which till then had been his craft, became his art. And from thenceforth its values seem to have changed as little, in the artist's own conception, as if he had brought forth a new dogma full blown, like Minerva from the head of Jove. This lifeless presentation of great achievements is further weakened by an unwillingness, in most cases, to name names and cite facts; only the abstractions of creation and frustration appear. Whether to attribute this to a noble superiority or to a tactful timidity seems a question.

IN years gone by Le Corbusier himself has written other books, largely concerned with what was wrong in architecture, in planning, in design generally, and in the society of our times that evidenced these sickly symptoms. He interspersed these fulminations with aphorisms and lyric prophecies of quite unusual brilliance, so that his words like his works were beacons to guide the young toward a surer, truer course.

No more faithful and skilful translator than the librarian of the Royal Institute of British Architects could be desired, yet this time the magic has failed; if Le Corbusier's architecture has changed so have his writings. His new book will serve to introduce him to those who don't yet know him, but it lacks the strength of his earlier statements; it is a quite incomplete record of even the high points of his architec-



—From "Creation Is a Patient Search."



—From "Antonio Gaudi."

Left: Le Corbusier project for a monument to Vaillaut Couturier (1937-38). Above: Gaudi design and execution of interior of Teresian Convent.

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ture (all five color plates and some seventy in black and white are devoted to paintings, artistic drawings, sculptures, and tapestries), and, since he himself designed the book, it reveals Le Corbusier as an artist now unduly preoccupied with visual and verbal *chiqué*.

Gaudí is presented by an eminent critic and curator of the fine arts, James Johnson Sweeney, and by a dean of the graduate school of architecture at Harvard, Josep Lluís Sert. The latter is related to Count Eusebi Güell, in his day Gaudí's principal patron, and the authors thus had access to many recondite Catalan documents. There was an opportunity to place Gaudí, always puzzingly off-beat, in relation to his milieu, then a ferment of creativity, and to the world of art during the vital half-century from 1875 to 1925. Something of the sort was in the author's minds, and, since the book was begun fourteen years ago, there was time to do it. Nearly half the brilliant, well-reproduced photos of Gaudí's works (the color is first-rate) come from a single source, a file established by two busy Barcelona businessmen, Joan Prats Vallés, the spare-time editor, and Joaquin Gomis, the spare-time photographer. Their leisure efforts have provided priceless documentation, here amply used.

The text, sad to say, is jumbled and repetitious. One chapter, "The Architect-Builder," contains the meat of the book. The art-historical and local-background chapters that precede it are incomprehensibly inaccurate or incomplete, considering the academic facilities available, and woefully out of date. For example, Kenneth Clark's book of 1928 is repeatedly and lengthily quoted concerning the Gothic Revival, although the last quarter-century has produced a plethora of more exact and more apposite texts, and Alf Boe's elegant study of 1957, "From Gothic Revival to Functional Form," is not even mentioned in the bibliography. Bibliography, lengthy notes, and a rather moony chronology are provided, but there is neither index nor, as said, a list of illustrations.

Later chapters on the use of materials, texture, color, and natural forms make no concerted effort to place Gaudí's habits of work in the context of contemporaneous European practice, and his phenomenal progress as a sculptor is left equally without revealing references. "Gaudí's Message," the last chapter, proves to be less his than the authors', blest or otherwise by hindsight over the full generation that has passed since Gaudí died at a ripe age. Not one Catalan building con-

(*Continued on page* 31)

WORLD WAR II

The Last Great Boxing Match

—*From the book.*

June 20, 1942: Rommel discusses plan of attack on Tobruk with General Walther K. Nehring, commander of the Afrika Corps, and the G.S.O.3 of the Panzer Army, von Mellenthin.

"The Foxes of the Desert," by Paul Carell; *translated from the German by Mervynn Savill (Dutton. 370 pp. $5.95), reviews, from the German perspective, the war between the Axis and the Allies on the arid plains of North Africa. Art Pearlroth was an operations analyst during the Korean War.*

By Art Pearlroth

MOST wars resemble the rising of a river. But the African conflict between German and Britisher probably was the last great boxing match: resourceful adversaries stalking, feinting, and striking at each other from any vantage point in the vast ring of a continental desert. Back and forth, the bungling, sand-speckled armies pushed each other across the north of Africa as if caught by a pendulum.

Paul Carell—whose "The Foxes of the Desert" was translated from German into a disturbing English-English that uses "pants" for underwear "shorts" and "heavy oath" for "oath," so betraying the parsimony of its American publishers—tells the story of this desert fight from a German perspective. It is a lopsided view he lets us see of a war that kept shifting into unfamiliar shapes like the sand dunes upon which it was waged. Here the German soldier accomplishes all and the Tommy is just lucky. Like a good enemy, Mr. Carell of course is willing to grant that the English soldier was gallant. But, like a German, he blames defeat indirectly on that now creakingly old scapegoat, Hitler, who—so goes the beguiling record of German historians and other journalists—refused to comprehend the significance of supply lines and strategic withdrawal. Somehow the Germans (strangely stocked with Polish names like Fenski, Paulewicz, Mankiewicz) always manage in this romantic account to win every engagement but the last, and they win bravely and cleverly against superior force. Even the German equivalent of cowboy-and-Indian is packed into the script: *"Götterdämmerung!"* and General Ritter von Thoma deliberately standing alone and stoic amidst his last battlefield, while his tanks are smashed to bits around him under the crescendo of Allied shells.

Fortunately for the reader, war is war, for either side. Into the narrative, hence, also seeps a meaningful and hideous story of uselessness, of heat that tugged at limbs like a weight, of

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flies that crawled into mouth and nostrils, of thirst-besieged soldiers whose fighting ended with astonishing rituals of incompetence and betrayal.

What makes this account of a desert war worth reading is the author's preoccupation with the treachery and espionage. One may rightly suspect that he is proving a flagrantly unholy thesis (Germany stabbed in the back, again); but his tales of conniving and derring-do catch the breath.

Real life intervened when the Scottish commandos tried to capture Rommel; the sentry, who was to be silenced by stealthy tricks taught in camp, would not cooperate. Only three men, of fifty-three, returned and for nought: they raided the wrong headquarters.

Time and again the British awaited the Germans at just the right spot; and in one outlandish episode the general staffs of both armies possessed each other's top-secret battle plans.

What with British spy nurses, belly dancers, and beautiful Italian countesses who have access to the safe of an unnamed United States naval attaché in Rome, however, Carell's insinuations become suspect. At one point he implies that Italian Admiral Maugeri (otherwise unidentified) may have been a British agent, and proves his thought by saying the admiral was decorated later by the Allies. But Franco Maugeri was head of the *Servizio Informationi Secreti*, and was rewarded by the Allies because he refused to support Mussolini after Skorzeny's rescue. And what do the U.S. naval attachés in Rome have to say about the accusation that Bianca Bergami purloined the U.S. code from them? Captains McNair and Kinkaid may still be around—worse luck for a good story.

In his zest for German heroes Carell commits the unpardonable. He fails to note clay. While he depicts a cordial parting between the head of the Italian army and General Rommel, Marshal Cavallero himself, in his diary, "Comando Supremo," says he telegraphed Kesselring about Rommel's flight: "This is desertion and for such things we arraign our commanders before a court-martial." But what does it matter? The Germans will remember as they wish.

PRELUDE TO LIDICE: In the spring of 1942 Czechoslovakia lay helpless under the brutal rule of Hitler's Third Reich. Thanks to Acting Reichsprotector Reinhard Heydrich, the Czechs were being turned—inevitably, it seemed—into beaten puppets. Suddenly Heydrich was killed by two young Czechoslovak patriots who had been parachuted into their homeland from Britain. In Alan Burgess's "**Seven Men at Daybreak**" (Dutton, $3.95) the elimination of Heydrich is but one event in the melodramatic train that ends in the last-ditch stand of seven Czechoslovaks against "a whole regiment of picked S.S. troops." Ironically and tragically, the patriots made their epic stand in a church.

Heydrich was surely one of history's great monsters. He was a man "without pity, without kindness, without mercy." Beginning with German opponents of Nazism, he exterminated millions of people. According to the author, he "was secretly feared by both Hitler and Himmler." Be that as it may, the Reichsprotector's S.D. security outfit, operating inside the S.S., gave him tremendous power.

Jan Kubis and Josef Gabchick, a Czech and a Slovak, were the patriots who assassinated Heydrich. The two pitted their wits, tenacity, and courage against not only the Nazi occupation forces but Czech traitors as well. On the May morning when they accomplished their objective their Sten gun jammed but their grenade wounded Heydrich fatally. Then followed one of the most vengeful manhunts of our era. Many humble people—men, women, and even children—took suicidal risks to help Kubis and Gabchick. In their rage and frustration the S.S. wiped out the village of Lidice. Due to the perfidy of two Czech paratroopers, the S.S. and the Gestapo were able to liquidate nearly all the Resistance members involved in the plot against Heydrich.

Alan Burgess's story has graphic vividness and tense narrative pull. Especially moving is the love affair between Jan Kubis and the widowed Anna Malinova. In the terrible post-Heydrich purge the Nazis showed the young woman the head of her fiancé, then killed her in a gas chamber at the Mauthausen concentration camp. While the author has based his book on authentic fact and worked hard toward a faithful reconstruction of history, he does not supply documentation. Telling us just what was going through Heydrich's mind at a particular moment makes for interesting reading, but it is not history. What "Seven Men at Daybreak" does best is to illuminate history.

—Henry C. Wolfe.

The Lady and the Physician

By Anthony Ostroff

"I want to feel well. I've come to you."
"What seems to be the trouble?" the doctor said.
The lady removed her gloves, unpinned
Her hat, and then let down the red, red

Tress of her hair. "I cannot hear,"
She said, "if the sun speaks to me, or the flowers.
Job died old and full of days.
I fear that I shall die full of hours."

"Do you think they speak?" he asked. "I do
Not know," she said. "I see, I taste the air,
It's clear they should." "Why?" said the doctor.
"Why?" she echoed. She thought he was unfair.

As if anyone could say *why*! What
Kept the earth from speaking, if it did not,
Or her from hearing, if it did,
That was the question. "I'm sorry, my dear. I forgot

Myself," the doctor smiled. "You came
For professional care. Follow this to the letter.
Here." He wrote on a slip of paper.
The lady felt immediately better.

She tucked her hair, the color of sun
And flowers she could not hear, under the new
Blue of her hat, smoothed on her gloves,
And that was that. "Thank you," she said. "Thank you."

And when she was gone the doctor thought
On science, so much like beauty, so inexact—
The marvelous form of πr^2
Which never worked out but was a matter of fact.

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Latter-day Disciples of the Muse

"The Modern Poets: A Critical Introduction," by M. L. Rosenthal *(Oxford. 288 pp. $6.50), examines diverse Americans and Britons whose works, in the author's opinion, represent the struggle of a heroic sensibility. Wallace Fowlie teaches French literature at Bennington College and has written, among other books, "Mid-Century French Poets."*

By Wallace Fowlie

OUR PRESENT age is one when the poets speak volubly about themselves, about their place in the world, and about the state of our culture. There are so many poetry prizes and awards that all the major participants are recognized. Many new little magazines have sprung up recently and are publishing extreme forms of free verse as well as poems written in the strictest of forms. Poets today tend to be critically-minded. They teach, edit, lecture. They read to college communities, at high school assemblies, and at our newly styled coffee houses. Some of the more enterprising publishers have founded paperback series of first editions of both younger and established poets.

Mr. Rosenthal's new study is avowedly a book for the general reader. With a marked degree of scrupulosity, he is concerned on every page with establishing and maintaining a rapport between reader and poet. He explains the achievements of the principal American and English poets (no attention is paid to poets of other countries) by constantly referring to specific lines and passages. These are quoted and analyzed with the meticulous care of a teacher.

In many instances Mr. Rosenthal juxtaposes a passage from an older poet in order to elucidate a passage in one of his modern poets.

The amount of material covered in the book is vast. And yet—as is inevitable—there are omissions. Yeats, Pound, and Eliot are studied in their significant role of tradition. The major poets since these masters are discussed in chronological order in terms of the "great generation," that of Robert Frost and Wallace Stevens; of the "new heaven and earth" as revealed by Hart Crane and Auden; and of the "exquisite chaos," with which the critic qualifies such poets as Dylan Thomas and Robert Lowell. What joins such diverse poets, according to Mr. Rosenthal, is the assumption that we are at a cultural dead end and that the work of these artists represents the struggle of a heroic sensibility.

The judgments and interpretations enunciated in this book are necessarily brief, but they are sound and accurate in accord with poetic theory and literary history generally accepted by the specialists today. Mr. Rosenthal is rigorous with himself in his allotments of space, but he is always at his best when his analysis of a work is somewhat protracted, as in his comments on Pound's "Mauberley," on "The Bridge" of Hart Crane, and on "Life Studies" of Robert Lowell.

The method of this book, which demands such brevity, forces the critic to emphasize one characteristic of the art of each poet. Each characteristic is well chosen, but gives perhaps a sense of more unity in the cited poetic work than is actually the case. The task of cultural salvation is, for example, ascribed to Ezra Pound, and a unity of inspiration to Robert Frost. The poetry of William Carlos Williams is seen to be immersed in the local without loss of larger perspectives. The singular pertinence of Marianne Moore, the Whitmanesque exuberance of Robinson Jeffers, the social protestation of Muriel Rukeyser, the virtuosity of W. H. Auden, the mask of moral guilt in Robert Lowell are designations which serve as ways of approaching the study of these poets.

The Instrument of Vision

"Tennyson: The Growth of a Poet," by Jerome Hamilton Buckley *(Harvard University Press. 256 pp. $5.75), demonstrates the wide range of the poet who became a symbol of the Victorian Era. A teacher at the Lawrenceville Preparatory School, Thomas H. Johnson has been both editor and biographer of Emily Dickinson.*

By Thomas H. Johnson

THE HISTORY of England is more intimately associated with its poets than that of any other nation, and Alfred, Lord Tennyson was subjected in his lifetime to more public attention than any other English writer before or since. Queen Victoria's poet laureate after Wordsworth's death in 1850, Tennyson suffered eclipse after his own death forty-two years later for the very reason that as a national institution he had come to symbolize an era. But the winnowing of time has since cleared away much critical chaff, revealing a poet of extraordinary range whose compass within the lyric form, peculiarly an adaptation of the spirit of English verse, is unsurpassed.

Jerome Hamilton Buckley, professor of English at Columbia, set himself the task of examining the growth of such a poet, and within a biographical framework he follows Tennyson's lifelong quest for the enduring. This unpretentious volume, judicious and sensitive, will become standard because it has digested the Tennyson scholarship of the past quarter century, and has been able to draw upon Sir Charles Tennyson's invaluable biography (1949) and upon the recently acquired unpublished Tennyson Papers in the Harvard University

(Continued on page 29)

—From "The Victorian Temper," by Jerome Hamilton Buckley.

Tennyson reading "Maud." A sketch by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, 1855.

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Postscript to Disaster

IN A SOCIETY that derives much of its strength from a complex amalgam of speed and power, a man learns to live with the possibility of accidental disaster. He knows that airplanes, automobiles, factory and farm machinery, usually valuable servants with an enormous capacity for contributing to the enrichment of life, occasionally go awry with sudden and bewildering violence. Ordinarily, of course, such accidents occur so seldom that the danger, if one is aware of it at all, is no more than a faint whisper somewhere in the back of the mind.

There are times, however, when disaster assumes so overwhelming a shape that it forces itself into the consciousness even of those farthest from it, when its magnitude and grotesqueness send shock waves of concern everywhere. Such a time was the three-week period at the turn of the year. First, two passenger planes collided in midair over Staten Island, New York, killing 134 people. Three days later, in Brooklyn, fire killed fifty workers on the aircraft carrier *Constellation*. Finally, an atomic reactor in Idaho exploded, killing three men—and, incidentally, raising the grim question of how to dispose of the heavily radioactive remains of human beings.

Though each of these accidents occurred under different circumstances, they had one significant element in common: none of them, it had been supposed, was at all likely to happen. The two airplanes were guided by electronic instruments and were under close radar surveillance; the atomic reactor was equipped with "fail-safe" devices that should have turned it off automatically at the first sign of trouble; the safety of the workers on the *Constellation* was supposedly assured by rigid precautions. That the accidents did happen, despite these measures, would seem to suggest a dangerous vacuum in our knowledge, or in our technology, or, at worst, in our concern for human life.

This is not to say that designers and builders are not interested in safety. Huge investments, both of money and of brainpower, have been made in the development of devices and techniques to protect human life; our machines, of whatever kind, are for the most part masterpieces of built-in safety. But this is small comfort to the families of the nearly 200 people who died in the recent series of mishaps.

THE search for safety is more urgent today than ever before. The technological surge of the 1960s is exploding so rapidly and in so many directions that new dangers are created almost daily. The crucial question is: Are accidents like the recent ones inevitable? Must a man living in the mid-twentieth century simply resign himself to the fact of danger, shrugging it off as an unhappy but necessary corollary of technology's unquestioned advantages?

One of the consequences of man's impressive achievements during recent years is the temptation to suppose that a certain sacrifice of human life may indeed be one of the requirements if we are to maintain our stride. The pace of progress, combined with the fever of competition with the Communist world, has made people eager, as never before, for more and better successes to chalk up on the scoreboard. In such an atmosphere it is easy to overlook the occasional failure. If one satellite goes into orbit, what does it really matter that several others didn't? By extension of the same reasoning, if an overwhelming preponderance of airline flights is completed without mishap, what does it really matter that one wasn't? The important thing, it often seems, is the overall proportion of successes.

Yet the minds of many people nevertheless recoil at the thought of shrugging off any loss of human life; they find it difficult to consider it merely a small sacrifice for a greater good. As a result, the recent series of disasters serves to reinforce their hope that something can be done to eliminate, or at least to reduce significantly, the possibility of others. In today's context, however, there too often seems to be nothing that the individual can do.

What is needed is a radically new point of view that will provide channels of action for those who are unwilling to accept the accidental loss of life without protest. And such a point of view is within reach. In buying consumer goods, for example, Americans are becoming increasingly wary of the second-rate and are demanding more and more insistently that products be built to work properly and to last. The same demand in the case of airplanes, nuclear reactors, and other potentially hazardous mechanisms could not help having an impact. It would of course be foolish, simply because an occasional accident does occur, to renounce the benefits of the twentieth century. But it would not be foolish to demand that the people responsible for those benefits show just as much concern with safety as they do with speed and power. It would not be foolish to regard a machine as incomplete unless the safety measures involved in it are complete beyond question. As a start, it would not be foolish if, instead of meekly accepting our appalling highway death statistics, motorists were to demand not horsepower but safety belts.

It may be, too, that the agencies and individuals responsible for safety need a counterpart of the devil's advocate, someone trained to explore the most remote possibilities of technological failure. In any case, an integral part of every mechanism—one just as important as its tangible elements—must be the invisible element of safety. Where human life is concerned, to be half safe is to be unsafe. —J.F.F.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

UNBALANCING ACT

SR MERITS WIDE ACCLAIM and recognition for two pieces in its January 7 issue, both pointing the way to a positive and constructive approach to our balance of payments deficit. I am referring to William D. Patterson's editorial, "Work of Noble Note," and Horace Sutton's article, "The Administration and the Traveler."

It is high time we start to seek out and cure the causes of our difficulties rather than go on treating the symptoms with nostrums and palliatives.

Perhaps it sounds plausible to say that when we extend aid to other nations to the tune of billions of dollars, the least we can expect is that they buy American products. The fact is that aid in the form of grants has largely disappeared. Essentially what we are doing is lending these nations money at a high rate of interest. Although delays occur, these loans are being repaid. Our demand that the recipients of such doubtful charity spend the money on buying American goods causes them a loss of approximately 20-30 per cent because of the higher prices of our products.

This "Buy American" folly, together with other "remedies" mentioned by Mr. Patterson, are good examples of how we practise our vaunted principle of free competition. Altogether, our lamentable failure to live up to the principles we preach in this and other respects, such as racial bias, largely accounts for the suspicion and distrust of the United States prevailing all over the world.

THOMAS G. EYBYE.

Princeton, N. J.

WHO'S WHAT

SIDNEY HOOK'S "Political Pretenders and How to Tell Them" [*SR*, Dec. 31] cannot be praised too highly.

The Methodist Church, in which I am an ordained minister, has long been known for its "social action"—a reputation unwarranted by our position in the matter of race, our lack of political responsibility, etc. Nevertheless, it is good to have this floodlight upon so dark and confusing a subject. At least one of its effects may be that of freeing the Christian social conscience for renewed action without fear of another Air Force manual or McCarthy era in the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

FINLEY EVERSOLE.

Nashville, Tenn.

I WAS RATHER surprised to find in your pages the article by Professor Hook. The aims of his article bespeak McCarthyism; the development of his thesis is definitely along those lines. . . .

FANNY VENTADOUR.

Winter Park, Fla.

SIDNEY HOOK'S article on how to tell a Communist may again wake us up to our paramount danger, that of internal aggression. He points out clearly the techniques by which the Communist uses the liberal, and even the unsuspecting anti-Communist as his dupe. I sincerely hope that every reader marked this article well. . . .

ROBERT MILAM, M.D.

Temple, Tex.

"Would you do me a favor? Stop saying 'No man is an island unto himself.'"

POLITICS IN ART

I VERY MUCH enjoyed Katharine Kuh's article "A Note on Art Criticism" [*SR*, Dec. 24]. I am entirely in agreement with her idea of what an art critic should do, and have often thought how distorting the sacrifice of criticism to art politics has been in New York during the past ten years.

Even if they could be achieved, of course, egolessness and objectivity are not pat alternatives to journalistic distortion—Ruskin and Baudelaire would hardly have qualified on either count. But as an ideal for the present, anonymity (one could call it "transparency") is in itself a form of partisanship, one that aims to facilitate and elucidate, but not control.

WILLIAM C. SEITZ,
Museum of Modern Art.

New York, N. Y.

THE USE OF BOOKS

HAROLD TAYLOR'S article "The Private World of the Man with a Book" [*SR*, Jan. 7] prompts me to join the readers who have congratulated *SR* on the augmentation of your service to American education, through the publication of more reports and opinions about its problems. In this particular article a really fundamental problem of teaching has been perspicuously isolated and diagnosed. Dr. Taylor has epitomized the wisdom . . . that springs only from many years of creative and meticulously evaluated teaching experience.

Since I am a teacher in a large elementary school, I have followed *SR*'s new effort with profound appreciation. I hope that more of the articles on education in forthcoming issues will meet the standard Dr. Taylor has set.

EARL CLENDENON.

Chicago, Ill.

I WOULD LIKE to thank you for the article "The Private World of the Man with a Book." As a student, I have often had teachers who forced one to read a certain book, not for the pleasure or knowledge to be gained, but only for the sake of writing a report on it. As a result, some students do not even read the book, but only skim through to find what is needed for the report.

ELLIOTT SHAKARCHI.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

AFTER READING Dr. Taylor's "The Private World of the Man with a Book," my only regret is that it will not be read by every student and teacher.

RICHARD STOWE, JR.

Danvers, Mass.

DR. TAYLOR HAS earned the gratitude of this college student. . . .

ARNOLD P. WELLMAN.

San Francisco, Calif.

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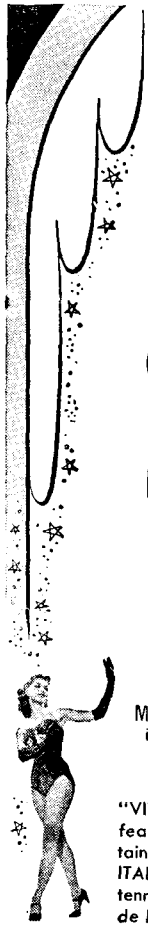

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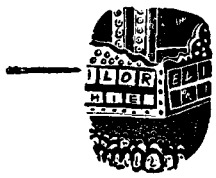

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Heaven Lies About Us

BY AND large, pictures densely populated with kiddies impose a tremendous strain upon any adult's patience and endurance. Their boyish bangs neatly trimmed an inch or two too long, their freckled faces wreathed in patently simulated smiles, their little tummies distended in a show of manliness, they move about like trained puppies in dumb obedience to the whips or sugar cubes of their unseen masters. Like puppies, they are "cute," "clever," "adorable"—and as far removed from their natural state as the gilded Christmas trees that sold so well a month ago. Both are elaborately prettified for commercial purposes.

Perhaps the box office rings a happier tune for the present-day counterparts of Shirley Temple, Kevin Corcoran, and Eddie Hodges, but every once in a while a director has the skill and the insight to bring us close to that half-remembered, instantly recognized world of real children—a world at once funny and pathetic, a world of shining imagination and the bitterest heartbreak. Philip Leacock, the director of "**Hand in Hand,**" captured it once before in the memorable "Little Kidnappers." In his latest film, he does something far more difficult. He not only shows us a child's world; he lets us see our world through the eyes of children. The result is more moving, and more heart-warming, than any calculated, tear-jerking, treacly "kiddie picture" could ever be. Like "The Fallen Idol" and "Forbidden Games," it is *about* children, but not necessarily *for* them.

Filmed unpretentiously in England, "Hand in Hand" is the story of two attractive eight-year-olds—Rachel, a little Jewish girl, and Michael, a Catholic boy. As in Wordsworth's poem, heaven lies about them in their infancy. They play together the imaginative games of childhood, set up house in a ruined mansion, roam the fields and farmlands, start out for London to look at the Queen (but end up instead having tea in the drawing room of a great lady), and even plan a trip to Africa on Michael's raft. Their idyll is short-lived, however. An older boy spitefully tells Michael that "the Jews killed Christ," and Michael views his beloved playmate with suspicion and alarm. Only after a near-tragedy does the boy come to realize that the same God watches over all.

If this sounds a bit preachy and sermony in résumé, it is far less so in fact. The camera is allowed to tell the story, not the dialogue; and it is invariably eloquent yet simple, as when the two children, each convinced of his own wrongdoing, visit each other's place of worship. As the rituals unfold—the awesome opening of the Ark of the Covenant in the Jewish synagogue, the resplendent Mass with its constant ringing of bells in the Catholic church—their mounting terror needs no words. The incantatory prayers, the hymns in an alien tongue, the strange gestures of priest and rabbi tell each child in turn that divine retribution is close at hand. When the Torah, carried in triumph through the temple, nears the Catholic boy, he cringes as if seared by the fires of hell; the wafer promises certain death for the Jewish girl. And the look of salvation on their faces as each emerges safe from his ordeal is beyond language. Indeed, the final words of the priest, affirming that God is love, are singularly flat by comparison.

The children, played by Loretta Parry and Philip Needs, are almost unfailingly convincing—which is the utmost tribute to Mr. Leacock's skill. He has mastered the art of first creating, then capturing their reactions so that their every movement seems spontaneous and true. By contrast, the adults—headed by John Gregson, Sybil Thorndike, and Finlay Currie—are almost too professional, too much the expert actors. But this is petty carping at a picture that is as thoroughly delightful as it is thought-provoking. There are precious few of those around.

AT this distance, it is hard to tell whether Nicholas Ray, who directed and wrote the screenplay of "**The Savage Innocents,**" intended an honest documentary made commercial by some sexy interludes, or a straight sexploitation film dignified by authentic shots of the Arctic wastes. In any case, these are the two stools he falls between. His story of an Eskimo, ignorant of the ways of civilization, tangling with the boys from the trading post is awkwardly told; he turns potentially fascinating material into crude melodrama. And the documentary shots, far from authenticating, merely emphasize the artificiality of the studio-made story. Starring Anthony Quinn as the noble savage, it's an Arctic waste from start to finish.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Preferred Stock

IN THE new revue **"Show Girl,"** Carol Channing is bigger than her material. This is not to say that Charles Gaynor's songs and sketches are inadequate, but that Miss Channing is at her best when she can allow her unique stage personality to dominate the proceedings. This personality could perhaps be described as a combination of red-hot mama and Little Red Riding Hood, and it permits her to wander safely through areas where others would be progressively destroyed. For instance, Miss Channing sings a suggestive song about Calypso Pete, a man whose sole but overwhelming talent she illustrates by rhythmically tapping together two blocks of wood. Done with conscious cuteness, the number could become theatrically unpalatable, but Miss Channing expresses her capacity for lustful pleasure so directly, yet tells us about it with such naïveté, that the whole thing truly delights us.

Later on in "Show Girl" Miss Channing again puts her ultra-naïveté to work in an excruciatingly funny impersonation of a silent film star named Cecelia Sisson, explaining why she fell into oblivion after the arrival of talking pictures. It turns out that Miss Sisson had an unfortunate speech defect that caused her to whistle every time she came to an "s" or a soft "c," but that she is completely unaware of it, or of the possibility that it might have contributed to her downfall. "Overnight," she says ruefully, "I hit the s(whistle)kids" . . . (audience laughs) . . . (glum pause) . . . s(whistle)o to s(whistle)peak."

The rest of the show is reasonably entertaining. There is Jules Munshin's impersonation of Alfred Lunt as he discusses with Brooks Atkinson the relative qualities of "their" theatres in a parody of that famous critic's style, and his Biblical breadwinner who answers his complaining wife with "I've bought you everything, weekends in Sodom, summers in Gomorrah. . . ." Then there is a samba by an engaging French quartet called "The Quat' Jeudis," which gradually convulses the audience as it switches from a controlled excursion into a runaway toboggan ride that just barely coordinates one singer's sneezing and another's hiccoughs into the complicated rhythm of the song. And there are numerous imitations by Miss Channing, with the one of sexy grandma Marlene Dietrich the most effective.

Finally, Mr. Gaynor has come up with an amusing comparison of the old-fashioned musical comedy and the modern musicalized tragedy "for the tired nuclear physicist." Miss Channing does this demanding routine all by herself, humorously capturing the comic essentials of both the nonsensically artificial number done by a girl with "a teeny voice and a teeny-weeny little bit of talent" that prevailed in the Twenties, and the overchoreographed, depressing sort of pseudo-meaningfulness that infects present musicals.

Thus "Show Girl" supplies rewarding moments and a pleasant lack of pretentiousness. If, like many shows of this type, it fluctuates between what you might get at a good night club and what one expects in a first-rate revue, it nevertheless constitutes an excellent opportunity to enjoy Miss Channing during her much too long interim between musical comedies.

THE most self-assured performance of the current Off-Broadway season is to be found in David Ross's revival of Ibsen's **"Hedda Gabler"** (in a translation by Michael Meyer) at the Fourth Street Theatre. In Anne Meacham, Lester Rawlins, and Mark Lenard it features the cream of the best Off-Broadway performers of the last three seasons, and the care and modernity with which they enact a surprisingly non-gloomy version of the Ibsen play make it a rare evening of highest-quality theatre. As Hedda, Miss Meacham shows us an affected, completely selfish woman slowly driven mad by the boredom of being married to the kindly but inelegant and unexciting Tesman. Mr. Rawlins is remarkable as he catches all the absurd humor of Tesman's position without ever for a second standing outside of the character. And Mr. Lenard emanates the simultaneous wildness and spinelessness of Eilert Lovborg with a degree of discipline and control that indicates his readiness to tackle the major classic roles in any company. In these talented hands "Hedda Gabler" becomes incisive satire, and though we may not be moved to sympathy for its characters, we are delighted at the tough-minded artistry with which their behavior is presented. —HENRY HEWES.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

MYTH-QUOTES

Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, presents ten quotations from the works of as many poets, and asks you to identify the mythological character who is speaking in each case. Answers on page 30.

1. "And after many a summer dies the swan.
   Me only cruel immortality
   Consumes."—Tennyson
2. "Give day; and, since thy sovereign will is such,
   Destruction with it; but, oh, give us day."—Cowper
3. "I taught the patient steer to bear the yoke,
   In all his toils joint-laborer of man."—Aeschylus
4. "My own hounds' bayings that I loved before,
   As with them often o'er the purple hills
   I chased the flying hart from slope to slope."—Morris
5. "Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand."—Wordsworth
6. "I count, as god of avenues and gates,
   The years that through my portals come and go."—Longfellow
7. "You fly, alas! not knowing whom you fly;
   No ill-bred swain, nor rustic clown, am I."—Prior
8. "A drunken rev'ler at a feast proclaim'd
   That I was only the supposed son
   Of Corinth's king."—Sophocles
9. "And bade me to his house, and slew me there,
   Even at the banquet."—Homer
10. "Weeping I quit the port, the shore
    The plains where Ilium stood before."—Virgil

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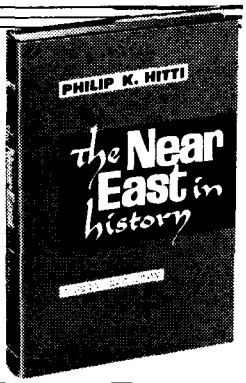

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TV AND RADIO

A Long Shot Comes In

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S "Candida" made its American television debut recently in Los Angeles over KNXT, the CBS-owned station. The production was the first live ninety-minute drama ever presented by a West Coast local station; it was sponsored by the Lincoln Savings and Loan Association. Projects '58, an off-Hollywood-and-Vine drama group, acted the play and collaborated in the production. To all came a full measure of triumph. Los Angeles critics beamed approval; television viewers addressed 600 congratulatory letters to the sponsor; Projects '58 made some money, with which it plans to hire a hall for future workshops. This was local television at a high level. There was image-building prestige for the sponsor at a price within his budget. There was the station's willingness to take a chance with unusual fare, substituting "Candida" for "College Bowl Quiz" and "The Amateur Hour," the network programs regularly scheduled by the station in its 5-to-6:30 time periods.

The audience was well served, too. As Milton Berle once said, "Don't forget—there isn't one America; there are a lot of different Americas." Los Angeles has many viewers who know Shaw and are at home on Sunday afternoons. An estimated 450,000 people (in 195,000 Southern California homes) might have been watching "Candida," according to one survey. This represents a 7.1 per cent rating, which is almost a 20 per cent share of an audience on an afternoon when 38.1 per cent of the TV sets in the area were in use. Shaw's comedy of the socialist parson, the unhappy poet, and the parson's wife who was master of both, picked up two rating points above the regular CBS programs it displaced. An intensive promotion campaign helped build this satisfactory audience. Now the station is planning to present five other live, locally produced drama specials during 1961. The same sponsor would like to be represented in the commercial lineup, and other Hollywood drama groups see visions of themselves on the air.

KNXT is not committed to Shaw or to Projects '58, but it does feel that it has found a unique, practical formula for making money and repute out of live drama in, of all places, the film capital of the television world. To analyze the formula more closely, however, is to discover a gentle Shavian irony.

The big crowd-gatherer, of course, was George Bernard Shaw, who has been dead long enough to have acquired a world-wide reputation. Shaw wrote "Candida" in 1895. The work is in the public domain and no royalties have to be paid. The actors, director, and designer of Projects '58 worked for scale in return for the privilege of grappling with material that challenged them as craftsmen. Jeff Morrow, who played the Reverend Morrell, is a busy, successful Broadway and Hollywood actor, starring in his own television film series, "Union Pacific." Jean Engstrom (Candida) makes a good living in films and TV thrillers like "Peter Gunn." Stephen Franken (Marchbanks) is a regular on TV's "Dobie Gillis." John Newland, the director, hosts his own series, "Alcoa Presents." Claudio Guzman, the set designer, is a designer-director for Desilu Productions, and Alexander Ramati, the producer, works for KNXT.

PERHAPS the talented Projects '58 group would not have launched "Candida" on television if their bread-and-butter TV grind fulfilled them creatively. Most of the audience who regularly watch and like them on TV probably never heard of Shaw. The players work for the many but dream for the few. A live, gifted, but unknown playwright would never have qualified for the marketable holiday package. Top names couldn't afford to work for art for scale. So the total plus of "Candida" was born out of a number of minuses. This is not to derogate the minor miracle of its birth. To know the formula is not to reject it. Indeed, why not have it mass-produced, locally, in other cities where clusters of education and entertainment people could provide equally able and low-budget talent? There are other playwrights, dead and in the public domain, whose names have value in the market place. There are other artists who eat well but are hungry for creative excitement. There are other audiences who will bring new numbers to television ratings when they get the right program cues. There are other intelligent sponsors for whom uplift and community service are persuasive when reasonably priced. Furthermore, there are other CBS-owned stations. Sizable segments of their local audiences would enjoy this "Candida." I saw it, liked it, and would enjoy appraising it as a television drama—if it were shown in my area. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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Poetry

Continued from page 23

Library. If Mr. Buckley foregoes the opportunity occasionally to draw out an appropriate anecdote (Tennyson as an accepted leader of culture after 1850 was "cordial but remote"), he nevertheless fits Tennyson closely into his public and private history.

The author concludes that Tennyson was what we call a "major poet" because of his "dedication to the poet's calling, comand of his medium, range of vision, capacity for growth, magnitude of performance, and place in a tradition as one who, consciously indebted to a literary past, in turn influences the course of subsequent poetry." This adds up. But the feature which excites wonder is that very real capacity for growth, extending into the final decade of a long life. Though Tennyson had been writing poetry since he was five years old, and had published three volumes of verse by 1832, he had been so mercilessly pilloried that he seemed plainly to be headed for oblivion. Yet the nine "silent years" were devoted to perfecting his art, and when his two-volume edition of "Poems" appeared in 1842 his command of the lyric form was unmistakable. Actually such assiduity was only the beginning, for his industry as well as his assurance of his calling quickened as time advanced, reaching their peak in the 1870s and 1880s, the most productive period of Tennyson's life: the years of his excursion into drama and the publication of four collections of his finest lyrics (including "The Revenge" and "Rizpah").

Just why Tennyson and such other distinguished men of letters as Browning and Henry James felt impelled to misdirect their energies by using a medium to which they were alien is a pretty question. Mr. Buckley sums up the decade of playwrighting with the pleasant understatement: "None of (Tennyson's) plays seriously altered the course of the English theatre." But from the experience Tennyson did in fact gain objectivity as well as a fresh perspective and renewed vitality.

Mr. Buckley's succinct analysis of almost every poem that Tennyson wrote is unified by the theme of growth. The result, I feel, enhances the stature of a poet who, without originality, made his art superbly the instrument of vision and of voice.

Escape to New Life

"The Collected Poems of Weldon Kees," edited by Donald Justice *(Stone Wall Press, Iowa City, Iowa. 140 pp. $18; leather-bound $26), is a hand-printed, limited edition of 200 copies, comprising the three volumes published during the author's life, plus fifteen additional poems. Brewster Ghiselin teaches English at the University of Utah.*

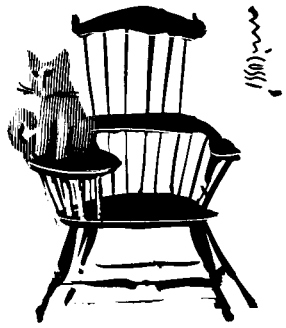
By Brewster Ghiselin

"WEATHER FOR PILGRIMS," a poem almost uniquely lighthearted in this somber collection, celebrates the holocaust of an ancient automobile (and of our way of life that it represents) amid the traffic on "the longest bridge in the world." This is the bridge near which Kees's abandoned car was found after his disappearance in 1955. As the editor, Donald Justice, reports in his preface, Kees had spoken both "of suicide" and "of going away to start a new life." Whatever may have actually happened, the character of his poetry enforces belief that he took the way of suicide in rejecting the civilization that enclosed him in anguish. The futility of going away is suggested in Kees's poem "Dog," which depicts a creature deprived of the supporting structures of the world that made him:

A sort of panic jabbering inside begins.
Wild for my shadow in this vacantness,
I can at least run howling toward the bankrupt lights
Into the traffic where bones, cats, and masters swarm,
And where my name must be.

In human experience escape to new life must be won within the mind, by reshaping the enclosing constructs, which are in the deepest sense the structure of the imprisoned psyche itself. Kees foresaw no such development. His whole work confirms the view of our plight announced in the first poem of this collection: "No exits here, no guards to bribe,/ No washroom windows./ No finis . . . unless/ The ending is your own."

The immediate force of Kees's poetry comes from its sharp delineation of a darkening present embittered by "the sense of wrong/ And emptiness and loss." Most of the suffering represented —injury of flesh, deprivation of the heart, and disorganization of soul—is attributable to the nature of the world we live in. Kees imaged more than his own blasted life in such figures as Robinson, recurrent in several poems; the man's pitiably hopeless existence—regular, expensive, and depleted of meaning—is that of our society. Kees's pity is notable, especially in certain of his poems, which present the figures of women exposed to the inclemency of fate. Yet I believe he recognized his own anguish as the crucial matter of his poetry. Understanding of his predicament was the insight he lived by, as his avidity for it declares: "I greet the welcome papers blowing down a street/ I know too well . . ./ A chilly landscape tightens up the mind." That prospect shows his truth—and reveals something of ours. The withering desolation of blowing trash suggests his deliverance from a civilization that he is—against his desire—one with. The ultimate value of Kees's poetry lies in its revelation of the terror of the modern soul caught in a structure that does not sustain its vitality, and therefore enforced into welcoming and willing the destruction of that deathly form with which it is identified, willing by necessity its own destruction too.



THE RILKEAN SENSE: It's an extraordinary thing when you find a couple of poems in a volume to reread. A distinction of Randall Jarrell's **"The Woman at the Washington Zoo"** (Atheneum, $3.75), his sixth collection of verse, is that one can return to every poem. Indeed it hardly seems to matter that more than a third of the poems are translations (as the subtitle indicates) for these present themselves as good English poems too. The traductions are from Rilke, Radauskas, Mörike, and Goethe, whose "Faust" Jarrell expects to bring out in English version.

It is Rilke whose feeling, even outside the poems bearing his name, seems most closely to underlie Jarrell's creative intuitions: thus the brilliant final poem, "The Bronze David of Donatello," brings to mind the kind of response

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Rilke formed in the presence of Rodin's statues (and wrote about in what must surely be the most exciting "criticism" of sculpture one can discover).

Jarrell's equally splendid title poem, "The Woman at the Washington Zoo," shows the Rilkean sense for those emotional configurations animals set up in the minds of men, their artists catching in "bestiaries"—a favorite genre of modern poets as of ancient—so many projected fragments of their own caged, inner life. "The world goes by my cage and never sees me," keens The Woman. Jarrell's poem ends wishfully with the same theme that concludes Rilke's "An Archaic Torso of Apollo": *Du muss dein Leben andern* ("You must change your life"). "Change me, change me," implores The Lady at the Washington Zoo, of the creatures she beholds. In both Rilke's and Jarrell's poems it is ultimately the wilder, more deeply feeling, more hidden and more alive part of the speaker himself which intimidates him (her) into the yearning for change (as a good poem itself intimidates the reader). But in Rilke it is an art work—the archaic torso—which serves as the essential, reflecting catalyst, whereas in Jarrell it is an animal at the zoo. Is this not another way of putting the old saw that "both art and nature are an inspiration to man"? For man sees his locked heart opened in anything outside himself whose life suits (as his does not) its shape, and this is as true of the mountain as of the jerboa.

Besides "The Bronze David" and "The Woman" (one poem started by art, the other by nature) the pieces that open us to ourselves most effectively

are the remarkable "Nestus Gurley" (a vendor perceived as a god) and the long, viable, continually inventive myth in verse, "The End of the Rainbow."

The poems as a group carry forward artistically Jarrell's known devotion to dream and fairy tale technic, which he writes about so lucidly in his introduction to "The Anchor Book of Short Stories." Thus interested, Jarrell shows himself one of the "most contemporary" critics. I am not sure whether or not it is ironical that he is also a poet who, more than any other American easily brought to mind, assumes supremely well a central responsibility of art: the conjuring of spirits. —John Logan.

A CLOUD OF QUIET TERROR: Despite its title, "**The Drunk in the Furnace**" (Macmillan, $1.25, paperback) continues W. S. Merwin's renunciation of the fantasy in his earlier poetry. The nostalgia and melancholy remain; the imagination is undiminished. But by removing the protective mask of unreality Merwin reveals more effectively the fear that always lay behind it.

Through his precise language and conversational tone he creates a mushroom cloud of quiet terror. His sea poems particularly are grim reminders of mortality from which there is no escape. But there is no more security even in the haven of a port, where comfort is challenged by an awareness of "a gulf/ Beyond reckoning. It begins where we are." Only those, like the pool players in the Lion's Club who deliberately shut out the truth can delude themselves that "Absorbed around one smooth table/ [they are] safe in its ring of dusty light/ Where the real dark can never come."

However, Merwin's development has led not merely to nihilistic despair. Now willing to confront the truth, as in his unsentimental ancestral portraits (suggestive of those of Robert Lowell), he demands the most of life. Man may not be able to win, but "it would have its points/ (Since fall we must) to do it proud."

—Robert D. Spector.

OFFBEAT REALITY: Theodore Weiss's "**Outlanders**" (Macmillan, $1.35, paperback) succeeds through metaphysical wit. By juxtaposing flat details with bizarre vision, the poet creates romance from the commonplace. "Straw," he notes, "making up a meadow once, remarked/the passing of many positive fates." Within it, their legends live. The weeds, his poet in the preface says, are often lovely in their durability "in that wheatfield/of failures." Out of the habits of turtles, Weiss fashions a comment on man: "churning upon one another,/each overwrought by private music,/rushing together to one/gleaming doom." From the suburban commuter's observation of a young woman's reading matter he levels the dream of the romantic Nile through a sordid description of the local river banks.

Perhaps there is too much recollection of Hopkins in his play upon syntax and his self-conscious alliteration, while suggestions of Dylan Thomas chisel away at his originality in otherwise beautiful phrases like "moon-/time making trees" and "when I have thrust my body/from me far as doubt is." But Weiss is his own man, with his own particular way of seeing reality. It is best in such offbeat descriptions as that of the skaters who "spin out a gilded ceiling" on the ice while "Fish . . . are frozen/with amazement just one pane below." —R.D.S.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Tithonus. 2. Ajax. 3. Prometheus. 4. Actaeon. 5. Protesilaus. 6. Janus. 7. Apollo (to Daphne). 8. Oedipus. 9. Agamemnon. 10. Aeneas.

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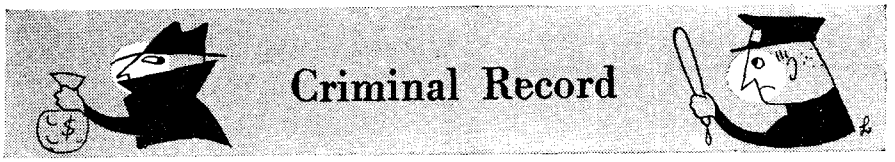

INVITATION TO VENGEANCE. *By Kathleen Moore Knight. Crime Club.* $2.95. Yank gal, widow of executed New York bank robber (loot missing), journeys to Sicily to show baby son to paternal grandpop; collides with killings. Fine twist at end; nice travelogue all the way.

DEATH IN VIEW. *By Travis Macrae. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $2.95. North-of-New York suburbians (artists, actors, authors, *et al.*) jolted when lady guest is shot at dressy dinner; eyesight a factor; teeners present. Holds up nicely.

SAY IT WITH FLOWERS. *By Gladys Mitchell. British Book Centre.* $3.50. Archeological exploration in English soil reveals suspicious freshness; Dame Beatrice Lestrange asks the questions. Bit on the quaint side.

A WELL-KNOWN FACE. *By Josephine Bell. Washburn.* $2.95. Death greets physician returning to English home; other demises follow; provincial gendarmerie active, as are Yard super and nice barrister. Effective.

THE DETECTION OF DR. SAM JOHNSON. *By Lillian de la Torre. Crime Club.* $2.95. Eight engaging tales feature the Great Cham as a private eye, and he does all right; all are fictions "suggested by real personalities and events" of the period, deftly woven by an authority.

LANDED GENTLY and **GENTLY DOWN THE STREAM.** *By Alan Hunter. Roy.* $2.75 *each.* Pair of yarns recite exploits of C.I.D. chief inspector (name of Gently, naturally); first recounts murder of American Air Force officer in English manor house; second, violent death of provincial tycoon. Small-craft sailors will enjoy both (but second more than first).

SEE THEM DIE. *By Ed McBain. Simon & Schuster.* $2.95. Detective Frankie Hernandez and pals of good old 87th Precinct tangle with switchblade set; blood inevitably flows. Less police work than usual, and much more dialogue.

LEAVE IT TO THE HANGMAN. *By Bill Knox. Crime Club.* $2.95. When Irish smugglers, father and son, operating in Scotland, are put on trial for lives, one gets rope; other lives in dire peril, and, terrified into jail-break, leads cops wild chase. Crackerjack pursuit number, with nice cast, good dashes of humor.

IT'S ABOUT CRIME. *By MacKinlay Kantor. Signet.* 35c. Eleven tales (serialized 1930-36), various locations, but all U.S., make up this first book appearance. Fine pro job, as expected.

THE STEPS TO MURDER. *By Rufus King. Crime Club.* $2.95. Seven yarns (serialized 1957-60) compose this good cluster; six are located in Florida, seventh in Adirondacks following trip from D.C. Done with usual sure touch.

ARMS FOR ADONIS. *By Charlotte Jay. Harper.* $3.50. English gal has man-trouble in Lebanon, plans run-out to Blighty, but Near East politics erupts violently. Nice excursion to Beirut and points adjacent.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL. *By Ellis Peters. Crime Club.* $2.95. Diva's Vienna death sparks killing after plane crash; much who-was-where-when interrogation; cops literally snowed in but not under; love finds a way. Engaging.

THE TOUGH AND THE TENDER. *By Angus Macleod. Roy.* $2.95. Murder of Scottish estate overseer is followed by demise of housewife who knows too much; fists fly in pub brawl; local law and holidaying Yarder take over. A tip-top job.

THE MAN ON THE END OF THE ROPE. *By Paul Townsend. Dutton.* $3. London news ace trails suspected chance-met, world-noted playboy to Alpine retreat; perilous climb is prelude to crashing climax. Credible cast, splendid scenery.

FALL GUY. *By Jerome Barry. Crime Club.* $2.95. Triple defenestration tizzies occupants of mammoth New York apartment group; sixteen-flight stair-climb featured; family differences a factor. Firmly handled.

THE ACE OF SPADES. *By Dell Shannon. Morrow.* $2.95. Thieves (and worse) fall out all over Los Angeles, but good Lt. Mendoza and associates corral the lot and wrap up killing; numismatists present. Populous, but has the old zing.

VALLEY OF SMUGGLERS. *By Arthur W. Upfield. Crime Club.* $2.95. Inspector Napoleon Bonaparte takes to mountains of New South Wales to solve killing of excise officer; finds little bit of Ireland down under. Good action, nice scenery.

THE CASE OF SUSAN WAYWARD. *By Michael Innes. Dodd, Mead.* $2.95. Husband of popular English novelist hatches elaborate plot, which backfires all over the place. Whimsy is the word for this one.

OPERATION TERROR. *By the Gordons. Crime Club.* $2.95. Los Angeles bank teller falls in with crook's plot to snag hundred G's; she also tips off FBI, who follow through. Capital suspense number, with credible and likeable personnel.

APPRENTICE TO FEAR. *By Harry Brinton. Macmillan.* $3.50. Isle of Wight banker in jam when hoods pick him for leading man in heist; deaths follow; John Strang, M.P., gets the answers. Highly populated, also highly involved.

—Sergeant Cuff.

Master Builders

Continued from page 21

temporary with Gaudí is reproduced among forty-odd illustrations of comparative material. Yet Sweeney and Sert present comparisons of architecture to anatomy and shell structure that are without either constructive validity or visible analogy. Structural models are offered as Gaudí's when in fact they are later reconstructions from the heritage of his notes and old photos. Line drawings, too, are presented alike, whether from Gaudí's own sensitive hand or whether coarsely redrawn.

From an architectural point of view such laxity is paralleled by the authors' careless emphasis on Gaudí's use of models rather than the drawing board for developing his ideas. This procedure is heartily recommended to professionals and students today. But no stress is laid on what lies latent in the illustrations, which show Gaudí employing models principally to define complicated structural stresses, while resorting to picturesque sketches to help him imagine the scale, the internal spaces, and the effects of these structures in the light of day. This, almost the exact opposite of the way models and drawings usually are used today, requires statement if Gaudí is to be a valuable guide.

The basic facts on Gaudí, well ordered and nicely illustrated, can be found in Professor George R. Collins's recent and excellent monograph discussed in *SR* May 14, 1960.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Soviet Pianist, Polish Violinist

NOT UNLIKE their intercontinental ballistic missiles, Soviet pianists come in various models, ranges, powers, and potentials. The latest, Dimitri Bashkirov, who was heard for the first time at the Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium in mid-January, hasn't the thrust of a Richter or a Gilels, yet he belongs to an intermediate period of development as compared to the younger Vladimir Ashkenazy. Very likely Bashkirov's visit serves the dual purpose of evaluating the impact of another age group of Soviet performers on us, and measuring the success achieved with the particular model he represents.

A native of Tiflis, where he was born thirty years ago, the lean, dark-haired Bashkirov is a pianist of much musical personality, a strong strain of lyric expression, with a piano sound both clear and ringing. Most welcome of all, he has a compelling temperament, to judge from his performance of the F minor Sonata of Brahms. This did not always fulfil our formulation of how Brahms should sound, but in the expressive measure of the andante and the intermezzo which precedes the finale, he made Sternau's lovers-at-twilight sentiment as recognizable in the sound as in its verbal quotation by Brahms.

Such quiet eloquence is no common commodity among pianists East or West, and it will be illuminating to see what Bashkirov adds to it in appearances to come with the Cleveland Orchestra under Szell and in a Carnegie Hall recital (both in February). Bashkirov showed ample power to project the large-scale structure Brahms made of the first movement and a purposeful abandon that made a rousing experience of the scherzo. Where there is abandon, there is likely to be wrong notes, and there were some here, but not enough to raise doubts about Bashkirov's rank as a technician. It is, in a word, high. Due to an obligation elsewhere, opinion about his other choices (the "Wanderer" Fantasy of Schubert, and a sequence of Prokofiev climaxed by the Fourth Sonata) must wait for another occasion.

The Warsaw Philharmonic brought along the usual complement of strings for the introductory concert of its first American tour in Carnegie Hall, as well as one unusual one who dominated the evening. This was Wanda Wilkomirska, who performed with brilliance and assurance in the treacherously difficult Violin Concerto of Karol Szymanowski. This is no virtuoso (or virtuosa) work which can be executed (the polite counterpart of "left for dead") by swift bow-strokes and well-stopped strings. It is full of breathy effects high on the fingerboard and long-drawn tones elsewhere, of thematic statements deftly inserted among orchestral counterstatements, which must be done artistically or fail of their purpose. Miss Wilkomirska did all these things with a self-possession and unfailing instrumental command that should bring her back soon, on her own. So good a female string talent has not been heard since Ginette Neveu.

In addition to sketching in the orchestral elements of the Szymanowski with the shadings and highlights it demands, Witold Rowicki directed well-conceived performances of Bartók's "Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta" and the First Symphony of Brahms. Most of the personnel appears to be the product of postwar training, with the makings of an excellent ensemble offset by some understandable shortcomings. Here and there an entrance in the Bartók was miscalculated, but there was nothing laggard or diffident about the response to Rowicki's leadership, especially in the rhythmic sections.

Were Bashkirov, from the south of Russia, to meet French citizen Eric Heidsieck in an airport somewhere, they might talk not only of cabbages and kings, caviar and champagne, but also of piano playing. On the same evening the young Russian was performing uptown, the young Frenchman made a midtown debut in Town Hall. Lest there be any notions of dilettantism about this descendant of the famous vintners, he gave his listeners such serious food for thought as the Opus 106 ("Hammerklavier") Sonata of Beethoven.

Thus Heidsieck left no doubt of his purpose, his musicality, his grasp of structure. But he left some gray areas of uncertainty about his real capacities as a pianist. Nobody plays the "Hammerklavier" really well (the wise pianists don't play it publicly at all). Thus if Heidsieck didn't play it really well, either, that left him in the best company. Occasionally his fingers became entangled with some of Beethoven's more unplayable passages, but he kept the final fugue moving to its conclusion if not to a real climax.

Heidsieck began his evening with three piano pieces of Brahms, the G minor Ballade and two Intermezzi (in F and A). All these had size and shape and thoughtful purpose. What I found lacking was really resonant piano sound, or more than a superficial projection of emotional values.

With Eileen Farrell otherwise engaged, Roberta Peters took her place (artistically, at least) at the second of the Bach Aria Group's concerts in Town Hall. It was, for most of those present, a rare appearance by Miss Peters elsewhere than in the opera house, and she might have been any young soprano rather than one who had already enjoyed a substantial measure of fame. That is to say, any young soprano who could form the line of the "Qui tollis peccata" of the little A major Mass with fine, even sound and a beautiful sense of line, or give equal value to the German text of "Ei! wie schmeckt der Coffee süsse" (from Bach's tribute to his favorite beverage), or in her portions of the Cantata No. 129. Bach may be good for Miss Peters, but she is also good for Bach. Norman Farrow, bass, and Carol Smith, alto, performed artistically against some uncertain efforts of the Columbus Boy Choir and not too assured direction by Frank Brieff.

THE week was, otherwise, much involved with what didn't happen as well as what did. Among such events was a Philadelphia Orchestra concert of Beethoven ("Egmont" Overture and Symphony No. 2), Copland ("Variations"), Respighi ("Fountains of Rome"), and Strauss ("Till Eulenspiegel"), directed by William Steinberg in place of the "Gurrelieder" scheduled for the ailing Leopold Stokowski; a Philharmonic evening with Paul Paray in place of the late Dimitri Mitropoulos in which Morton Gould was soloist in his "Dialogues" for piano and orchestra; and a "Don Giovanni" at the Metropolitan conducted by Erich Leinsdorf in the absence of Karl Böhm. There was some element of improvisation in all of these, but several facts were clear, nevertheless. Copland's recent orchestral version of his admired "Variations" for piano of the 1930s does not yield much more substance, whoever's hand is applied to the problem: and Gould's "serious" music is much too somber and thought-taking for justice to his essential, if not necessarily ponderous, musical gifts. Finally, there are few more beautiful theatrical productions anywhere than Berman's "Don Giovanni," and it contributed much to the cohesiveness of the drama enacted by Cesare Siepi, Fernando Corena, Lisa Della Casa, Eleanor Steber, *et al.*

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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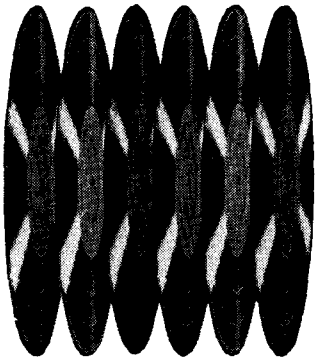

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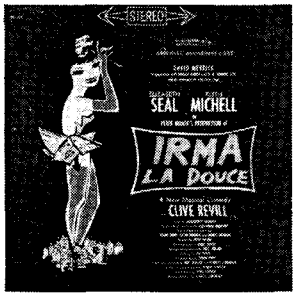

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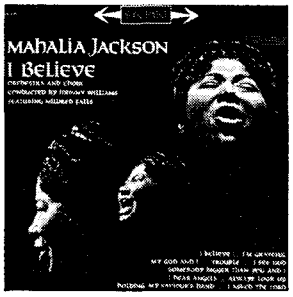

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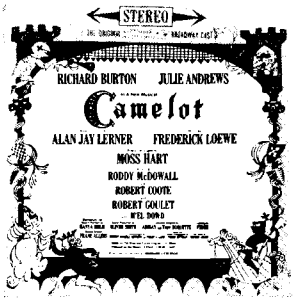
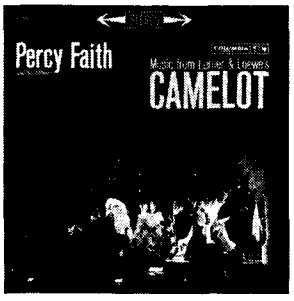

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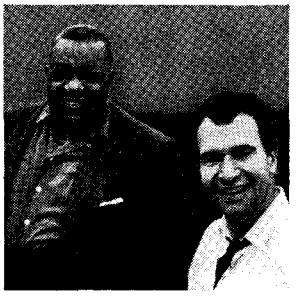

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Gelsenkirchen City Theatre, 1959—front lobby with view of staircases leading to balconies and main floor. Architects: Ruhnau, Von Hausen, Rave. —*Gregor Stühler*

NEW DESIGN FOR NEW THEATRES

By LEON SHIMAN, *a graduate of Columbia College who is now studying architecture at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He was assistant to Friedelind Wagner at last summer's Master Class in Theatre Architecture at Bayreuth.*

SR/RECORDINGS

JANUARY 28, 1961

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IN RESPONSE to the demand for new theatres and the growth of experimental production techniques, a meeting was called in Berlin recently to ask architects, authors, directors, and technical specialists to consider the form of the contemporary theatre. Representatives of fourteen countries met for five days in the Benjamin Franklin Congress Hall for this International Colloquium on Theatre Architecture. The congress was jointly sponsored by the International Theatre Institute (ITI), the International Union of Architects (IUA), and the International Music Council (IMC); it is part of a long-range program of the ITI to encourage frequent exchange of ideas concerning theatre on an international level. The Bonn Government, the City of Berlin, and UNESCO financed the meeting.

Fifteen were present at the conference from the United States. Philip Johnson, Carolyn Lockwood, Richard Neutra, Joel Rubin, and Ben Schlanger presented papers on the discussion topics. Thomas DeGaetani, head of the delegation, Arthur Benline, and Peter Blake also spoke briefly.

The conference was remarkable for having brought together architects and specialists responsible for major national and civic projects of several countries. With executed work of many of those present very well

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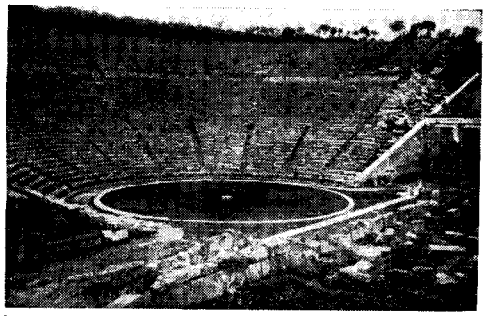
CLASSIC



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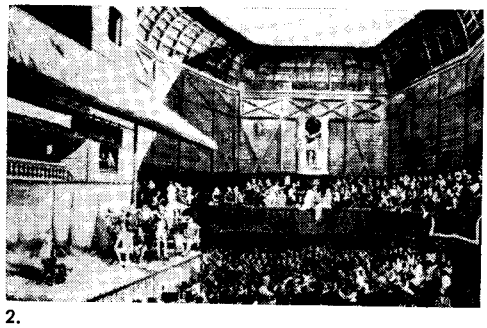

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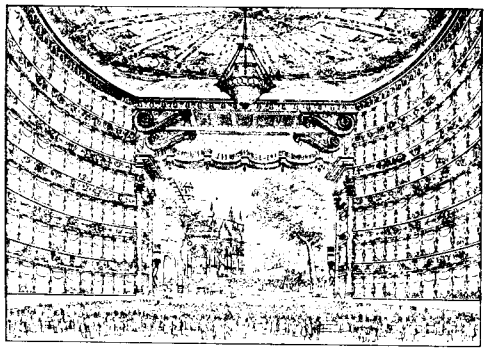
Photos 1-4—Bettmann Archive.



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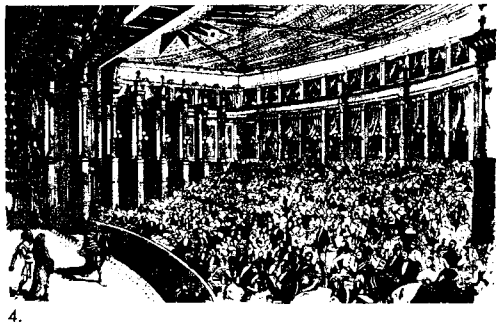


4.

1. Classical Theatre at Epidaurus, 350 B.C. Steeply pitched seating more than halfway around the circular acting platform.

2. Elizabethan Stage, the Globe Theatre, London, c. 1600. A platform stage completely enclosed by tiered seating in an informal atmosphere.

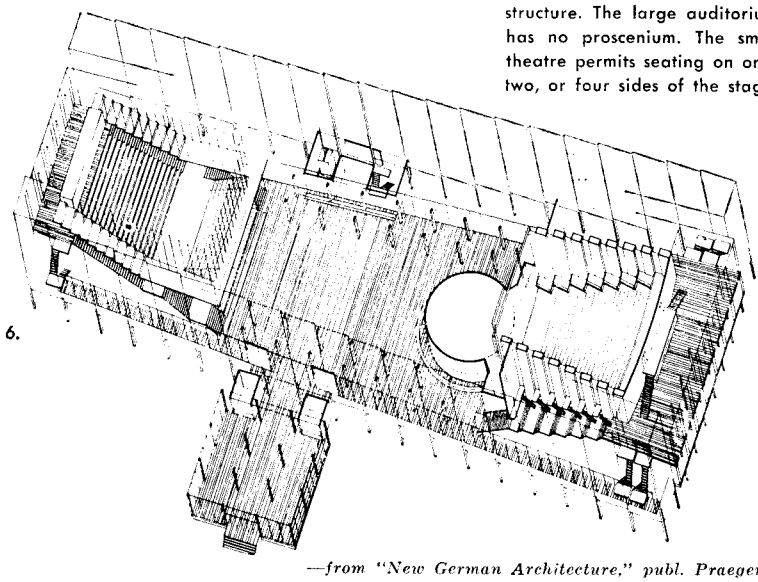
3. Italian Opera Theatre, La Scala, Milan, 1779. The stage, separated from the auditorium, is viewed as a perspective painting through the proscenium arch.

4. Festival Theatre of Richard Wagner, Bayreuth, 1876. Elimination of the separate proscenium arch, balconies, raised stage platform and an open orchestra pit. Designed for the "total work of art."

6. National Theatre, Mannheim, Germany, 1957, by Gerhard Weber. Two theatres in one structure. The large auditorium has no proscenium. The small theatre permits seating on one, two, or four sides of the stage.

CONTEMPORARY

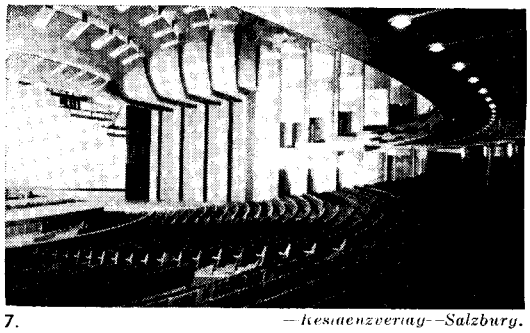
5. —*The Architects Collaborative, partner-in-charge Walter Gropius.*



6.

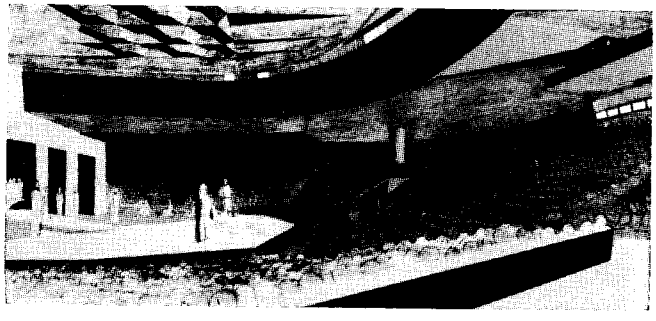
—*from "New German Architecture," publ. Praeger.*

5. Project for a "Total Theatre," 1927, by Walter Gropius for Irwin Piscator. The absence of hard auditorium walls and a fixed proscenium arch allows many relationships for acting platform and audience in a unified space.

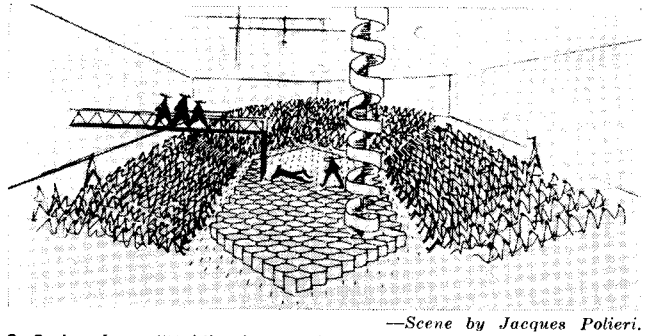


7. —*Kesaenzverlag—Salzburg.*

7. New Festival Theatre, Salzburg, Austria, 1960, by Clemens Holzmeister. The maximum stage opening is 100 feet wide, 33 feet high. For "standard repertory" works.



8. Project for City Theatre, Stockholm, by Sven Markelius. A multiform theatre; seating capacity varies from 900 to 2400.



—*Scene by Jacques Polieri.*

9. Project for a "Mobile Theatre" by Werner Ruhnau. Unobstructed by fixed seating or stage areas, this project offers total freedom to directors and designers.

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known, though only a few years old, and many of their projects, also recent, world famous, it was clear that the subject was alive, the issues likely to be timely and important.

The fundamental question to emerge from the colloquium was: How does a new architectural form for the theatre develop? It was clear early that existing older building forms do not satisfy all of our social, esthetic, and economic demands of the present. The following groups of questions present the problem as it was broken down in the course of the discussions and in analysis of the projects:

1. What are the responsibilities of the author to the visual form of his work? Should new architectural ideas embodied in theatre buildings force him to write for a fixed, though perhaps arbitrary, presentation form, or should he be encouraged to define his own actor-spectator relationship, thus forcing the architecture to follow the perhaps whimsical idea within his work?

2. Is the same kind of contact desirable for all theatrical forms? With a desire for intimate theatre, but an economy and social system that would suggest the mass theatre, how do we build?

3. Because the Italian-style theatre design dominates the major stages of this country and Europe, the basic differences in philosophy and style of theatre performance among the various countries has been concealed.

4. How should objective data of experts in acoustics and seating be evaluated? Do we build to old clichés of excellence, or reconsider data in terms of our own needs and responses? How irrefutable are the empirical rules of sight lines and hearing characteristics?

5. Must the future social role of the theatre be the same as today's? Are we building theatres as places of education, or are they intended to be the home of social life and the festival atmosphere?

The accompanying photographs of historical solutions to experimentation in theatre design are part of the guidebook to the subject. They are often *ideal* in nature, particularly the uncompleted projects in which statutory building requirements cannot adversely affect the product. With those projects as background, discussion centered about new solutions. Those which may prove to be of interest were the following:

New Festival Theatre at Salzburg, presented by the architect, Clemens Holzmeister. This hall is the product of many years of study on new auditorium forms, and the result of collaboration with Max Reinhardt in 1933 for a very-wide-stage production of "Faust I." The 33-foot-high stage opening has a variable width of 42 to 100 feet, in an auditorium 115 feet wide. The width of the stage permits simultaneous action to occur on several segments of the opening. The theoretical width limit of 80 feet for the auditorium to work acoustically has been disproven. The auditorium seats 2,400.

Project for the National Theatre in Luxembourg, discussed by the architect, Alain Bourbonnais. A simple and direct solution to a very conventional requirement; he conceived of his four-sided façade as being appropriate to a building for *recreation*. While theatres normally appeal to festivity, solemnity, or education, this approach seems particularly appropriate to the problem.

The City Theatre in Gelsenkirchen, 1959, presented by one of its architects, Werner Ruhnau. The auditorium features black side walls and ceiling, with aluminum-color facings for the two balconies that "float" in the auditorium space. The design is based on a theory of dematerializing the architectural boundaries of the auditorium to allow the performance to appear to occupy one unbounded portion of a unitary space.

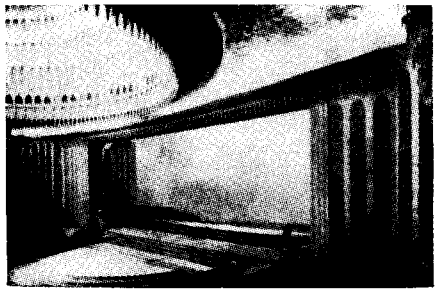
Project for the City Theatre, Stockholm, presented by the architect, Sven Markelius. In this multiform theatre seating 900 to 2,400, the stage forms can be varied from asymmetrical seating for a modified proscenium stage, to Elizabethan form, to the full "round." The project embodies the extreme statement of the multiform theatre. It has allowed for the future.

Placed beside the more than twenty-five projects shown, including Hugh Stubbins's Loeb Theatre at Harvard, the Frank Lloyd Wright Theatre in Dallas, and the plans for the Saarinen-Mielziner Lincoln Square Repertory Theatre, Philip Johnson's project for the Lincoln Center Theatre for the Dance and Operetta was distinguished for being the only one attempting the revival of an old form. His "Neo-Baroque design" showed four curved balconies and a high rear gallery.

The papers isolated the theoretical problem of the architect more successfully than the projects that were displayed. The three opening addresses, of a general nature, prepared the ground for the technical papers following.

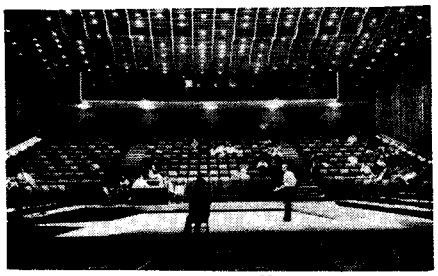
Michel Saint-Denis began with form, asking: Will new forms grow from the theatre directly or come from the architects? Noting the work by Wright and Stubbins, the earlier twentieth-century Scandinavian and Russian contributions to experiment, he observed: "The theatre needs an architectural revolution, and the architects know this!" He reminded those present that theatre was closely bound to the other national characteristics of any country; that with the complex forms and requirements for new theatres today, there is a great danger of misjudging the trends of other countries unless they are known quite well; obvious forms often conceal interesting distinc-

(*Continued on page* 52)



—*Werner "Theatre-gebäude"*

Great Playhouse, Berlin, 1918, Hans Poelzig. Amphitheatrical seating around a deep forestage.



—*Harvard University*

Loeb Drama Center, 1960, Hugh Stubbins with George Izenour. Movable seating and wall panels; very advanced.

Additional Solutions In Contemporary Terms

Projects by Norman Bel Geddes, c. 1925. A series of experimental designs for theatres, where architecture encloses stage and audience in one space.

City Theatre, Malmö, Sweden, 1941-44, by Lallerstedt, Lewerentz, and Hellden. An auditorium for 1,700 is reduced to 500 by hanging wooden screens.

Festival Theatre, Stratford, Ontario, 1955, based on the work of Tyrone Guthrie and Tanya Moiseiwitsch. A very deep projecting acting platform, with wide (225°) amphitheatre seating and a large overhanging balcony.

Humphreys Theatre, Dallas, Texas, 1960, by Frank Lloyd Wright. Prosceniumless, the limits of the stage disappear into the audience.

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Klemperer on Wagner

A REMARKABLE album has been issued by Angel (Stereo 3610B, also available in monaural) doing honor to the great conductor Otto Klemperer on the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday, which took place on May 14, 1960, some two months after the recording had been completed in the Kingsway Hall, London. Also admirably served on these two discs is the music of Richard Wagner, directed by Dr. Klemperer.

What Klemperer has suffered from practically every harassment that can strike an artist in his career—political persecution, economic hardship, one blow of ill health after another, every misfortune worse than the last—must surely predispose any listener in his favor; but, more important, how this man has surmounted these disasters and reached a summit occupied by few living conductors brings special point to the album. The booklet by Walter Legge that accompanies these records gives the full flavor of the Klemperer career through a series of excellent photographs. It also contains expert Wagnerian analyses by William Mann.

In the course of Legge's article, Wieland, the composer's grandson, is quoted as having remarked that Klemperer had shown him "for the first time how Wagner could sound." Certain passages in the new recording are likely to arouse a similar reaction from those with no such ties to Bayreuth. The list of excerpts contained in the album is thrice-familiar, almost painfully so. But in meeting this orthodox list on its own grounds, the listener can find interpretive value in all of the performances. The Philharmonia Orchestra, as a responsive and seasoned body of players, ably reflects the will of its director.

For music-lovers brought up on the Wagner of Toscanini, the Klemperer performances will require some getting used to. Instead of the passionate directness identified with the Italian maestro, these newly recorded excerpts bear a sense of spaciousness completely Central European; but while they vault, they never dawdle. There is no a stolid moment in them, although the "Rienzi" could be more brilliant, the "Flying Dutchman" more fiery. For full realization of the music, Klemperer comes into his own with the "Tannhäuser" overture. Not in our generation has this overplayed piece sounded so fascinating, nor has it evoked such a double-layered sense of sonority: the oak-like pilgrims' chant, and the eerie whispers of the Venusberg, which seem to come hissing from inner space. Just as the existence of harmony often seems a result of the interacting lines of counterpoint rather than a reality in itself, so does the orchestral color achieved by this conductor appear as a fusion of structural forces within the music rather than any conscious effort at the use of tints. Klemperer, in his approach, is an architect rather than a painter. Fortunately this maestro—always flexible—does not disdain musical liberties that grow out of the dramatic design, such as his superb acceleration of the Venusberg theme as the bacchanale reaches its climax.

Klemperer — "a summit occupied by few living conductors."

PROBABLY no one, not even Klemperer, can make the first-act prelude to "Lohengrin" absorbing to the modern listener. He conducts this amorphous A major maze with gravity and poise, but falls short of stirring up musical vitality where it barely exists. The prelude to Act III is another matter (controversial in taste, but never dull), and the conductor brings to its second theme—so often sentimentalized—a charming, perceptive lilt that does much to shape a winning performance.

All of the excerpts from Wagner's later scores are marvelously well done. The opening tempo of the "Meistersinger" prelude is perfection, establishing a boldness of line that holds throughout and, with its deliberate tread, heightens the humor of the famous woodwind parody on the main theme. As for the Dance of the Apprentices, when has it been taken at so beguiling a pace, with such neatly articulated staccati? In an entirely different way, the prelude to "Tristan und Isolde" strikes fire. Such voluptuous ebb and flow, so massive a climax have not previously come this listener's way. And in Siegfried's Funeral March, conductor and orchestra evoke the stormy grandeur of Wagner's "Ring" without pomposity.

The technical aspects of this recording are on the same lofty plane as the musical direction, but there are a few debatable balances that should perhaps be mentioned. In the sensuous coda of the "Dutchman" overture, the pulsating harp rhythms go almost unheard. The prelude to "Meistersinger" suffers, when all four themes sound in combination, from exaggerated "miking" of tuba and double basses. At the start of Isolde's Love-Death, the important bass clarinet solo is covered by inner voices. These blemishes (and there are a few others) reach an insignificant total when weighed against the distinction of the album as a whole.

Angel, in a Wagnerian surge, has also released a single disc (S 35844) of scenes from "Tannhäuser" and "Götterdämmerung," as sung by Elisabeth Grümmer and Gottlob Frick with the orchestra and chorus of the German State Opera (Berlin, East Zone), conducted by Franz Konwitschny. The episode from "Tannhäuser" looks appealing on paper since, in addition to the second-act prelude and Elisabeth's "Dich teure Halle," it includes the heroine's relatively unexplored scene with the Landgraf, the entrance of the guests into the Hall of Song, and the Landgraf's address to the minstrels. Unfortunately, it is impossible to judge how well or otherwise Miss Grümmer performs her big aria, because the sound has been so tricked up that it seems to come from inside a diving bell. Mr. Frick, spared by the technicians, displays a beautiful voice and noble style, marred only by a tendency to break his phrases through shortness of breath. The chorus is average and the stage trumpets in the march overpowering. Orchestrally, things are kept in hand by Mr. Konwitschny. On the reverse side, Hagen's two magnificent solos from "Götterdämmerung"—"Hier sitz' ich zur Wacht" and the "Hoiho!"—are entrusted to Mr. Frick, who sings well but with little attempt at characterization. But Hagen's call, as music *per se*, is always worth hearing.

—ROBERT LAWRENCE.

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The Price-Warren-Tucker-Tozzi-Elias "Trovatore"

NOT many young American sopranos come to the Metropolitan with the opera of their debut already inscribed at full length on a recording; but, then, not many sopranos have come to the Metropolitan from a background in Laurel, Mississippi. It is a measure of the distance Leontyne Price has come, by way of private studies, Central State College in Wilberforce, Ohio, the Juilliard School, the role of Bess in the 1952 revival of Gershwin's opera, NBC-TV opera, stage performances in Chicago and San Francisco as well as in London, Vienna, Milan, and Paris, that it is not she who is put upon to measure up to the standard of Richard Tucker as Manrico and the late Leonard Warren as di Luna in this vital new recording under the direction of Arturo Basile (RCA Victor LM/LSC 6150, $9.98/$11.98), but they who must perform at their best to match Miss Price.

For those who may not have heard it previously (in the RCA Victor recording of "Don Giovanni" in which she sings Elvira, or in a song recital on RCA Victor LM 2279), the Price voice is one of unique range and color among the younger ones so much is being heard about today: Moffo, Berganza, Sutherland, Rysanek, *et al.* It is, to begin with, a "long" voice: one with a usable range of a good two octaves, from c to shining c". It is, moreover, a voice all of a piece, with the same dusky, glowing richness from bottom to top—no breaks for "registers," no weak spots or sudden surges at one point to compensate for a vagueness or weakness elsewhere.

The plain evidence of this Leonora is that Miss Price is that vocal rarity—a true dramatic soprano, who does not have to drive a good lyric soprano sound beyond its true capacity to match the needs of Verdi. Nor does she have to stint on the trills of "D'amor sull'ali rosee" on behalf of the kind of sound desired in the "Miserere." She can sing a decent trill as well as turn the mordent of "Tacea la notte placida" accurately; her swells are as available in the top register as they are in the mezzoish middle; and she has no peccable habits where pitch is concerned. In short, Miss Price commands a solid sound and the vocal resources to make it work for her.

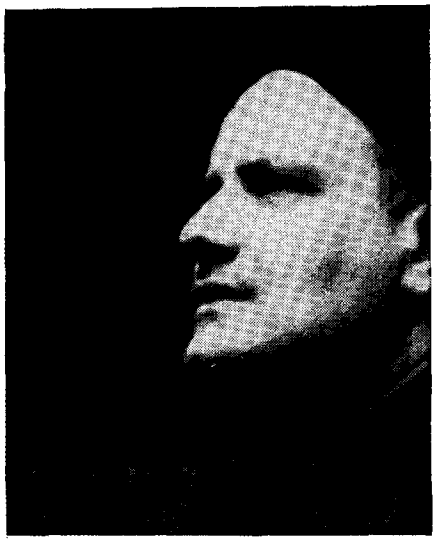
This, of itself, would be a cause for congratulations; but it is only the beginning of the attributes which make her an exciting performer in this recording. Add to a sure command of the Italian text and a strong feeling for Verdian line a musicality which is proof against the usual operatic excesses, and you have a performer as uncommon as her performance.

What is gratifying about her singing of Leonora is to find that the fervor and the dramatic impulse suitable for the creation of the Gershwins is equally adaptable to Verdi's. This comes to the ear not only in the steady formulation of the part through recitative and aria, but especially in the projection of such key phrases, which unlock the musical secrets of the role, as "la terra un ciel sembro" (in "Tacea la notte"), or its echo "Se tu dal ciel disceso" (at the end of Act II), or "ma salva il Trovator" in the duet with di Luna, or "Prima che d'altri vivere" in the final scene with Manrico. Each of these is a true swelling Verdian outburst of the "Amami Alfredo" type of "Traviata," and to each Miss Price gives ringing affirmation of sound and purpose.

Some mention might be directed to the predominance of American singers in the principal roles: what is rather more important is the quality of their performances. As of summer 1959, when this recording was made in Rome, the late Leonard Warren was unsurpassed as di Luna; and there is every mark of such authority and vibrance on his singing here. In some moments, the sound is a little tense and wooden; but when he puts his power to work, it is all richness and glow. Certainly Richard Tucker has not sounded as well as this on any previous full-length recording—not only in the two arias ("Ah si, ben mio" and "Di quella pira"), which few tenors have sung with equal evenness of quality (in view of their very different requirements), but also in the ensembles. There is good reason to suppose that the impulsive yet strongly marked conducting of Arturo Basile has an influential part on this quality result, as it does on the precision as well as sonority of Giorgio Tozzi's Ferrando.

What is perhaps as gratifying, though in quite another way, as the Leonora of Miss Price, is the Azucena of Rosalind Elias. It is well established that this young mezzo has one of the quality sounds of the day, which streams forth as though it cost her no more effort than breathing (an aural illusion, as she would be the first to confess). But there has been no previous opportunity to evaluate its utility in such a demandingly dramatic part as Azucena, for the good reason that Miss Elias has been adding to her Metropolitan repertory, at a measured pace and with considerable forethought, the kinds of parts for which she is best suited. That may now be broadened to include Azucena, vocally at least; for this is a fine blending of melodrama she offers here, preserving the melodic tint of the voice while rendering the drama powerfully. Now and then there might be a bit more underscoring of particular words (as the "*sangue, sangue*" of the first duet with Manrico, in which she also omits the written cadenza) but it is a remarkable instance of adaptability on the part of a singer whose progress, to this time, has been in other directions (Suzuki, Erika in "Vanessa," Fenena in "Nabucco," etc.).

The utility of the Rome Opera for recording purposes has been proven by the recent "Turandot" (an earlier product of the same summer) and the engineering here is all that one could ask. Basile doesn't enjoy an outstanding reputation among Italian conductors of his generation, but it is hard to think of one who could surpass the enlivening blend of knowledge, energy, and control that distinguishes this "Trovatore." As of now, with or without Callas, Tebaldi, Milanov, or Stella, I'd say it is the best of all. —I.K.



Leonard Warren — "as of 1959 . . . unsurpassed as di Luna."

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Recordings in Review

Amadeus's Beethoven

BEETHOVEN: *Quartets Opera 59, 74 and 95. Amadeus Quartet.* Deutsche Grammophon 138534/536, $20.94.

The time the Amadeus Quartet has devoted to the preparation of these works is both rewarding and rewarded—the first, in the degree of understanding they convey to the listener; the second, in the appreciation that thus accrues to the group. Whether, if they had waited another five years, they would play them appreciably better is questionable; the probability is that, after a dozen years together, this is pretty much the way this group will continue to sound.

That way, of course, is among the best ways chamber music is now being played—with a high degree of musicality, warm sound, good structural sense, and abundant technical means for getting the job done. If the question of substance is left somewhat in abeyance that would be for the obvious reason that the group has, hitherto, not declared itself on enough works of sufficient content for their qualities to be measured.

Here, at last, they do, and the answer must be: No, not yet. By any but ultimate standards, this is a distinguished, even excellent, Beethoven performance. But the "Rasumovsky's" are so many symphonies in little (and not so little, at that): and the capacity to dig into the slow movements and extract what they contain calls for more thrust, a deeper penetration than Brainin and company command. Much the best performance is heard from the group in the fugal finale of the C major, which is swift, clean, precise, and rarely the scramble it is made to sound on some occasions.

Both the "Harp" (Opus 74) and the F minor (Opus 95) are very close to the ultimate one could ask for, not because they are less masterful works but, rather, because the relationship between the movements is not as continuous and critically important as in the Opus 59s. They show a tendency toward faster tempi in the allegros than has prevailed among such predecessors as the Budapest and the London and the Busch Quartets; but this is a matter of metabolism, justifiable when the whole is well proportioned to its parts. Those who may be puzzled by the arrangement of five quartets on six sides, when each is sometimes spread over two sides, will find Opus 59, No. 3, Opus 74, and Opus 95 each allotted a full side, Opus 59, Nos. 1 and 2 spread over the other three sides. First-class recording throughout.

Ives's Second Symphony

IVES: *Symphony No. 2. Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic Orchestra.* Columbia KS 6155, $6.98.

Like Webern and Schoenberg, Charles Ives is a composer more talked about than performed. Thanks to worthy enterprises of Columbia and Robert Craft (plus Glenn Gould), it is possible to talk about Webern and Schoenberg as if they were performed; and this endeavor by Leonard Bernstein and the Philharmonic complements a previous one by John Kirkpatrick (which should be available if it isn't) that enables a discussion of Ives to be informed as well as opinionated.

Indeed, the more one is informed about Ives the more risky it is to be opinionated. Without sharing the valuation attributed to Bernstein on the record sleeve ("Our first really great composer—our Washington, Lincoln, and Jefferson of music"), it is clear to hear from this score (or rehear from it, if one has had the opportunity before) that he was a man not only of thought but also of feeling, with more skill in putting his ideas on music paper than would first appear to be the case.

The real problem about Ives in such a work as this (with its snippets of quotations from sacred and profane musical sources, from Beethoven and Brahms, and the Dartmouth Song Book and Stephen Foster, with "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean" colliding with "Reveille" at the wildly improbable ending on a smashing discord) is to determine when he is serious, when he is just fooling, and when (as is more often than not the case) he is semi-serious. After a few rounds of the Second Symphony, it seems to me inaccurate to go on calling Ives a "primitive," or "naïve." I would say rather, that he was an eccentric—which is to say a man who knows all the time what he is doing, if not necessarily why. Heard this way, the portions of the Second Symphony that correspond to musical logic convey their meaning clearly; and those others, in which impulse rules supreme, are responsive to a higher logic of whose meaning Ives himself could be affirmative without being explicit. "'Twas brillig and the slithy toves . . ." was literature long before (1865) Ives had his visions of this music (1897-1902). The musical opportunity accords with the best of Bernstein's impulses, and it is realized by the orchestra with model fidelity.

Lucie de Vienne Blanc — "affecting sympathy, pervasive charm."

Auvergne, with a Difference

"Grande," "Passo pel prat," "Lou Bouye," "Lou Bailero," "Pastorale," "Lous Dolhaires," "Pierr'e sujet o pendre," "Lo Fiolaire," "Bourrée," "La Passion," "Loi Vesproi Del Falgoux," "Rossignolet du Bois," "Oi, ai, ai, couci ieu forai," "La Delaissado," "Lo Postouro Delaissado," "En passant par le Bois," "Moun Paire me n'o Lougado," "Qual lou li portoro," "Soun, soun, béni, béni," "Malhurous qu'o uno fenno," "Lou Coucut," "La Pernette," "Lo Grando de Prados." Lucie de Vienne Blanc, with J. P. Vinay, English horn and oboe. Folkways FW 8778, $5.95.

A first glance at this issue, which bears the title "Songs of the Auvergne," might cause the pulse to quicken at the prospect of a new issue of the Canteloube songs made famous in the performances of Madeleine Gray. But a second glance at the interior literature revises the title to read "Songs of Auvergne"—which is more apt to the purpose. For what we have here is a selection of twenty-three (unedited) songs from that distinctive province of southern France, performed without accompaniment by Lucie de Vienne Blanc save for interpolated pipings on English horn or oboe by J. P. Vinay.

Included in the twenty-three are primitive forms of such beauties (which Canteloube made magical with his editing for orchestra) as "Lou Bailero," "Lo Fiolaire," "Soun, soun, béni, béni," and "Malhurous qu'o uno fenno." Heard

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without harmonization or instrumental accompaniment, they yield only the greater admiration for Canteloube's taste, judgment, and skill in converting them into art works. The words and tunes are certainly appealing as Mme. de Vienne Blanc sings them, but they are, in this form, less rough diamonds than bright bits of sand not yet become pearls.

The list of Mme. de Vienne Blanc's accomplishments is even longer than the songs she performs with affecting sympathy and pervasive charm, for she is styled "one of the stars of French-speaking TV on the CBC (Canadian) network," an actress, a graduate of the Schola Cantorum in Paris, a specialist in phonetics, and a former "classical singer." This last she manages to disguise well in adapting herself to the needs of the music, though her pitch is always steady, the rather toneless baritone she employs suitably "uncultivated." Twenty-three songs without accompaniment is a little much for general listening, but if Mme. de Vienne Blanc manages to satisfy some specialized tastes while stimulating a revival of interest in Canteloube, she will have succeeded well.

Walton on Walton

WALTON: *"Belshazzar's Feast," Partita. Sir William Walton conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus, with Donald Bell, baritone.* Angel S 35681, $5.98.

Is Walton's "Belshazzar's Feast" not as good a work as it seemed a few years ago, or is its composer not as good a conductor of it as some others? Chances are that both factors enter into the results heard from this disc. Some of the physical impact has dwindled in the aftermath of its introduction in the early Thirties, and Walton's lack of skill in balancing the opposed tonal masses tends to stress the obvious elements in the score with penalty to its more subtle values. Withal, the outstanding effort in the performance is easily Donald Bell's, the young Vancouver singer's sound and style readily explaining the success he has been enjoying abroad during the last few years.

As for the Partita, it is the kind of easy-to-assimilate piece that tends to wear thin in a few hearings. Like some other composer-conductors, Walton is more concerned with words and phrases than he is with sentences: all the little details are fussed over, but the larger line and continuity tend to waver, as in the "Pastorale Siciliana" of this Partita. On the whole, Walton is better represented in George Szell's recording of the "Partita" with the Cleveland Orchestra (on Epic LC 3568).

The Voice of Battistini

ROSSINI: *"Largo al factotum," ("Il Barbiere")*; RUBINSTEIN: *"No, non plorar" ("The Demon")*; TCHAIKOVSKY: *"Se dell'imen" ("Eugene Onegin")*; VERDI: *"Eri tu" ("Un Ballo in Maschera")*; DONIZETTI: *"A tanto amor" ("La Favorita")*; VERDI: *"Vieni meco" ("Ernani"), "Di Provenza" ("La Traviata")*; BELLINI: *"Ah! per sempre" ("I Puritani")*; DONIZETTI: *"Vien, Leonora" ("La Favorita")*; VERDI: *"Per me giunto" ("Don Carlo"), "Urna fatale" ("La Forza"). Mattia Battistini, baritone.* Angel COLH 116, $5.98.

Few record collectors, no matter how diligent, have been favored with the opportunity now provided to anyone with the interest to familiarize himself with the legendary art of Battistini. For, with the exception of a few pirated, ill-sounding LPs and an occasional excerpt in a collection (such as "Fifty Years of Great Operatic Singing"), original Battistini records have been denied to all but those who have favored forefathers or abundant cash resources.

Here, however, is a real treasure—not only a glimpse into the past of vocal art but also a guide by which the future can be measured. The rule is not an infallible one artistically (who, nowadays, would dare to hold a top note as he does the F sharp in "A tanto amor" or decorate Verdi's line in "Di Provenza" with inventions of his own?), but in any matters relating to production, evenness of scale, mastery of transitions from register to register (a term nonexistent in the Battistini lexicon), the jointure of note to note which makes for a matchless legato, Battistini remains, three decades after his death in the late Twenties, a paragon by which any male singer can be measured. When, for example, did an audience last hear a singer of his range with the ability to toss off a florid line the way he does in "Largo al factotum"?

Walton—"more concerned with words and phrases."

AS a kind of "I told you so" to the whole collection is a wonderful souvenir of the singer's sixty-eighth year, the eloquent version of "Urna fatale" made in 1924. The tenorish vibrance of the first disc of twenty years before (when Battistini was already in his mid-forties) has darkened into a stained semblance of itself, but the articulation, breath control, and accuracy of pitch are amazingly steady. As for the élan and verve of the singing, I'd like to hear it equaled by the next Don Carlo to sing in "Forza" here or abroad. It is simple proof of the platitude that a voice as well used as Battistini's was in youth and middle age need not deteriorate out of proportion to the human frame in which it exists.

Various listeners will find what they are looking for in such a recording as this—precepts of vocal art, examples of human endeavor miraculously preserved, a commentary on modes of singing as they come and go. I am struck by the resemblance of some mezza voce passages to certain effects of Chaliapin, hitherto much better known to us. He had ample opportunity to hear and be influenced by Battistini, a Russian favorite in every opera season over a twenty-six-year span (1888-1914) without a break! This and other illuminating details of Desmond Shawe-Taylor's commentary leave few questions roused by this provocative release without answers. The restoration sounds remarkably well, too.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: ORCHESTRAL LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach, J.C.: Sinfonias in B flat (Opus 18, No. 2) and D (Opus 18, No. 4); Handel: "Water Music" (excerpts). Eduard van Beinum conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra. Epic BC 1112, $5.98.	The performances of the "London" Bach's works by the late van Beinum are neat and tidy, though a shade short of recollections roused by the affinity of music and orchestra in the memorable version of Mengelberg. This applies particularly to the slow section of the B flat ("Lucio Silla" overture), whose oboe solo is piped a bit blithely for best service to its melodious flavor. The fast movements are all brightly delivered, and the reproduction is excellent. The "Water Music" excerpts are presumably from the full-length performance previously issued on LC 3551. (Monaural: LC 3749, $4.98.)
Berlioz: Symphonie Fantastique. Czech Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Carlo Zecchi. Parliament PLPS 131, $2.98.	In his most ambitious recording to date, Zecchi shows that he is something more than a former pianist with aspirations as a conductor. As in the Cherubini-Schumann-Schubert-Brahms literature he has directed for Epic, Zecchi pursues a straight line of musical purpose with rare deviations for whims or "improvements" on the composer. This is a welcome redress for better Berlioz against some inclination to treat his score as merely a point of departure. What keeps the disc from meriting comparison with the best from elsewhere is a lack of richness and color in the reproduced sound of the orchestra. It is technically proficient reproduction, suggesting that these lacks are in the playing itself, by comparison with standards of the Philharmonia, Suisse Romande, Philadelphia, Concertgebouw, etc. Nor is continuity enhanced by a break in the slow movement. (Monaural: PLP 131, $1.98.)
Bizet-Sarasate: "Carmen" Fantasy; Sarasate: "Zigeunerweisen"; Saint-Saëns: "Havanaise," Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso. Ruggiero Ricci with the London Symphony Orchestra conducted by Pierino Gamba. London CS 6165, $5.98. (Monaural: CM 9245, $4.98.)	There isn't an opera house anywhere that couldn't use a Carmen who would deliver Bizet's music with the fire, accuracy, and animation of Ricci. Though he is, unfortunately, confined to the bow and strings, he generates a considerable amount of character portrayal, lyric as well as dramatic, in his pulsating delivery of the solo part. Gamba is consistently in the spirit with him, and does well also with the other orchestral housekeeping chores. Ricci's impulse elsewhere sometimes takes precedence over control, but it adds up to a compelling experience. Very good reproduction.
MacDowell: Concerto in D minor; Prokofiev: Concerto No. 3. Van Cliburn, piano, with Walter Hendl conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LSC 2507, $5.98. (Monaural: LM 2507, $4.98.)	Cliburn and Hendl enjoy a happy partnership in the racy performance of the second MacDowell concerto, which recreates the circumstances in which the pianist made his first prominent appearance as a seventeen-year-old prizewinner with the Dallas Symphony in 1952. Cliburn ripples through its pianistic patterns with ease and grace, and Hendl shares credit with his comprehending direction of the orchestra. Neither is as successful in the Prokofiev, which suffers from considerable over-production in dynamics and sentiment. It is hardly a work to sound as ponderous as Cliburn chooses to make it, and its lyricism is too often transformed into sentimentality. Clear, broad sound.
Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 3 in A minor ("Scotch"). "Hebrides" Overture. Peter Maag conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. London CS 6191, $5.98.	Maag makes a wholly Highland excursion of this enterprise by prefacing the symphony with the overture describing Mendelssohn's visit to the islands off the Scotch coast. The two works prove highly congruent, forming in effect a five-movement symphony, in which the slow introduction to the "Scotch" itself plays a part as a bridge. Maag's feeling for line and pace are very much in the Mendelssohnian spirit, his sense of tone color and contrast admirably in the vein of the desirable timbres. In all, a highly successful venture in which the London players are enabled to do their best work with, rather than in spite of, the director. Excellent sound. (Monaural: CM 9252, $4.98.)
Mozart: Concerto No. 24 in C minor (K. 491), Rondo in A minor. Artur Rubinstein, piano, with orchestra conducted by Josef Krips. RCA Victor LSC 2461, $5.98. (Monaural: LM 2461, $4.98.)	So far as I can recall, or discover, this is Rubinstein's first recording of this concerto, which means that admirers either of the creator or the re-creator have a rewarding experience awaiting them. Together with Krips, who sees the work in much the same light as he does, Rubinstein gives us Mozart of size and scope. Nevertheless, he does not feel impelled to dominate the orchestra with his sound, respecting always the fundamental premise that Mozart wrote for piano *with* orchestra. On the other hand, the instrumental complement here is an ample one, so that normal impulses on both sides can be indulged. Some conductors have made more of the instrumental opportunities of the finale, but Krips shapes the whole sound beautifully. Among a variety of things omitted from the annotation by Louis Biancolli is the source of the cadenzas (Mozart?).
Mozart: Concertos Nos. 22 (E flat, K. 482) and 23 (A major, K. 488). Robert Casadesus, piano, and George Szell conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra. Columbia MS 6194, $5.98. (Monaural: ML 5594, $4.98.)	Casadesus and Szell make an admirable pair of collaborators, not because they put in everything that Mozart wrote for the piano and orchestra in these works, but because neither undertakes to put in anything the other doesn't. In other words, there is a completely even match of poste and riposte, point and counterpoint, all within a tonal frame mutually acceptable and with a dynamic relationship almost familial. One might hear a more singing performance of the A major from another pianist or conductor, or a more heroic statement of the E flat, but it would be difficult to imagine more purposeful partnership than prevails here. Authorship of the cadenzas is unrevealed.
Mozart: Symphonies No. 31 in D (K. 297) and No. 36 in C (K. 425), "Les Petits Riens" Overture. Ferdinand Leitner conducting the Symphony Orchestra of the Bavarian Radio. Deutsche Grammophon 138046, $6.98. (Monaural: 18579, $5.98.)	There can be nothing but praise for the pairing of the two remarkable, if too little heard, symphonies by which Mozart remembered Paris and Linz. And the lively little overture makes a delightful "extra." Also praiseworthy are Leitner's crispness of rhythmic detail and energetic pursuit of dynamic contrast; a little less so, a rather heavy hand on the timpani in No. 36, and a tendency to lose forward motion in the slow movements. The place of recording is not identified, but it sounds like a spacious studio with a little more liveness than can be controlled.
Stravinsky: Symphony in C, Symphony in Three Movements (1945). Ernest Ansermet conducting L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande. London CS 6190, $5.98.	Each of these works has some interesting suggestions of things to come in Stravinsky's musical development ("The Rake's Progress" and "Agon" in particular), but I don't find either permanently interesting. The disjointed iterated rhythmic phrases, the ostinatos which are abandoned rather than evolved, the snippets of melodic phrases which always promises more than they provide--all these are sketchy substance for works of such extended length. Ansermet's performances are as good as any, and no more successful than most. (Monaural: CM 9250, $4.98.)
Vaughan Williams: Fantasia on "Greensleeves," English Folk Song Suite, Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis. Sir Adrian Boult conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Westminster WST 14111, $4.98.	At first (or even second) blush, the Vienna State Opera Orchestra would seem to have little relevance to the needs of Vaughan Williams in his most English vein, but it has a good measure of the fine string sound more commonly associated with the Vienna Philharmonic, and Sir Adrian does the rest. His feeling for these works produces the most gratifying kind of results. Beautiful reproduction also. (Monaural: XWN 18928, $4.98.)
Wieniawski: Concerto in D minor; Paganini: Concerto in D. Michael Rabin, violin, with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Sir Eugene Goossens. Capitol SP 8534, $5.98.	Rabin's violin playing is equally admirable in both works, with no difficulties slighted, no responsibilities evaded, and no expectations unfulfilled. However, he is rather more in command of the style and sentiment of Wieniawski than he is of Paganini, for the former's music flows in the strong line of his conditioning, while the latter requires a kind of elegance and dash which are not quite as close to him. Goossens does his customarily superior work. —Irving Kolodin.

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"Ballet Respubliki Kuba" in Moscow

Moscow.

EARLY in December the Cuban Ballet gave its last performance in the Soviet Union, in Moscow's Bolshoi Theatre. Premier Khrushchev and other Soviet leaders were present. The next day's *Pravda* called it an unqualified success. "Wherever the young ballet troupe went," *Pravda* wrote, "Riga, Leningrad, Moscow—they were warmly welcomed. This is easy to understand: the heroic people of Cuba in their struggle for freedom and independence arouse the admiration of all the progressive people of the world."

For two weeks, theatrical posters throughout Moscow had announced in bold letters the coming of the Ballet Respubliki Kuba. At last, on Wednesday, November 23, the much-heralded ballet company gave its first Moscow performance, in the new, tastefully decorated green and beige auditorium within the Kremlin walls.

The Kremlin at night, in the winter, is an awesome sight. Once we stepped inside the massive outer walls into an area forbidden to the public under the Czars and forbidden once again during the last two decades of Stalin's rule, we were immediately aware that this was the center of Soviet power, the source and guardian of the power accumulated during six centuries of absolute rule. We walked past the looming brick towers and walls, past the still pines covered with snow, toward the stately old building, painted in Moscow's traditional yellow, which houses the Kremlin Theatre. The bright lights seemed a bit incongruous, and so did the people streaming in, talking, laughing.

The theatre was packed. It was an elite Soviet audience, with a sprinkling of foreigners, including the Cuban ambassador and other Cuban diplomats and visitors. The performance started with a typical mixture of politics and art. On the stage stood several top Soviet ballerinas—among them Plisetskaya of the Bolshoi and Boft of the Stanislavsky, who presented large bouquets to the representatives of the Cuban Ballet. Fernando Alonso, its general director, recalled that he and Alicia Alonso had visited the Soviet Union two years before in very different circumstances. Then Batista had ruled. Cuba was poverty-stricken, oppressed, illiterate, the victim of imperialism. Now there was Fidel, and all that had changed. Alonso warmly thanked the Soviet Union for its support and encouragement, straying far from the subject of ballet.

After these opening remarks, the Soviet guests filed into a specially reserved box on the right of the stage, where they could be seen clearly from the audience. Plisetskaya, simply but stylishly dressed in a navy-blue knit suit, her hair drawn back and fastened in a long, loose pony tail, took the last seat. With her customary easy grace, she leaned back against the wall and waited.

The lights dimmed. "Coppélia" began.

Alicia Alonso's part called for her to appear early in the first act. This was fortunate, since most of the other dancers were not up to the high standards demanded by Soviet ballet-devotees. The girls were not so graceful as they might have been; the boys were too slight to lift the girls with ease. The corps de ballet lacked precision, and the entire performance, with the exception of part of the second act, was labored, awkward, and uncoordinated.

From time to time, the Soviet ballerinas whispered to one another about the performance. They applauded lightly, politely, when applause was called for. Sometimes they hardly applauded at all. Clearly, they were not enthusiastic.

THE audience was more lukewarm than any we had ever seen in Moscow. They were out so quickly after the first act that when the leading dancers began to appear for the customary curtain calls, there was almost no one there to applaud. The audience remained indifferent throughout the second act, and through most of the third. Halfway through the third act, a difficult sequence, once again involving lifting that was obviously beyond the capacity of the men of the company, was muffed so badly that the audience began to titter.

This was the low point, however. Rodolfo Rodriguez, the male lead, saved the day with a fine solo performance, achieving the kind of dramatic leaps and turns followed by even more dramatic leaps and turns that Soviet audiences adore.

Here was an example of a strange paradox: Russians consider their own classical ballet so incomparable that they often prefer to see foreign companies perform other kinds of dances rather than watch second-rate performances of classical ballet. A Russian was heard to remark after the first act, "I thought they would be doing Cuban national dances! Why try to do classical ballet *here*?" "Here" is a hard test for any foreign ballet group, for "here" classical ballets such as "Coppélia" or "Swan Lake" or "Giselle" are performed almost perfectly, at an artistic level which only the Royal Ballet or the Danish Royal Ballet in its best moments can hope to match. When the American Ballet Theatre was here in September, the same attitude was expressed by many Russians: "Why show us classical ballet, when that is not your specialty?" Many were puzzled by "Rodeo," but many more felt it represented something typically American—original and native—and they appreciated it.

AND yet, despite this stated preference for having foreign dance companies present their own dance forms, classical ballet is still the most familiar dance form here in Moscow—and the most beloved. It draws the greatest audience response, especially in its more spectacular moments, even when it is only moderately well performed. The American company drew its loudest cheers with the traditional bravura leaps and turns of the "Black Swan Pas de Deux" from "Swan Lake," performed by Maria Tallchief and Erik Bruhn. Bruhn's performance was above even Bolshoi level, and the sympathetic audience, wanting very much to approve something American, burst into wild applause. Their response to Rodolfo Rodriguez was similar. The audience, which had barely noted the end of each dancer's solo up to this point, applauded enthusiastically, and then amidst cries of "Bravo!" switched from general applause to the steady, rhythmic clapping of hands that signifies unlimited approval.

The dancer, flushed, took bow after bow, and when Alicia Alonso reappeared she seemed to have new confidence, new sparkle. She too was warmly applauded. The dam had broken, and from then on whatever the dancers did was fine. During the last ten minutes of the performance, the applause was almost unbroken.

The Russians had wanted very much to like the Cuban dancers. Once they found a pas de deux they could recognize as artistic, their ballet conscience was satisfied. From then on, artistic discernment was subordinate in favor of the political joy of applauding Fidel's Cubans.

—MADELEINE AND MARVIN KALB.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: MISCELLANEOUS LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Quartets Nos. 9 (Opus 59, No. 3) and 11 (Opus 95). Budapest Quartet. Columbia MS 6187, $5.98. (Monaural: ML 5587, $4.98.)	The third "Rasumovsky" (Opus 59, No. 3) is about the best played of the Budapest series issued a few months ago (*SR*, Oct. 29). However, the F minor, with which it is coupled in this single-record sequence, reverts to the less attractive characteristics noted in the earlier connection—uncertain intonation and rougher quality of sound than has long been regarded as the norm of the Budapest ensemble. Withal it is sure-minded, authoritative Beethoven. Excellent reproduction.
Beethoven: Trios (Opus 9, Nos. 1 and 3). Leonid Kogan, violin, Rudolf Barshai, viola, and Mstislav Rostropovich, cello. Artia ALP 164, $4.98.	Assuming the liner notation means what it says—"Recorded in USSR"—this is the best example of such technology to date. To be sure, it is no great accomplishment to give equal recorded justice to three string instruments, but the quality of sound, as well as its quantity, suggests that microphones of better quality, as well as superior tape recorders, are being used. The performances are all that one could ask in this literature: if not, perhaps, of the total integration purveyed by the Pasquier Trio of other days, certainly closer to it than is common with a complement of casual collaborators.
Chopin: "Ballades"; Liszt: "Six Chants Polonais." Ruth Slenczynska, piano. Decca 710029, $5.98. (Monaural: 10029, $4.98.)	As in various of her earlier issues of Chopin (etudes, scherzi, waltzes), Miss Slenczynska plays the quieter music with lyric feeling and agreeable piano tone: but every allegro is transformed into an agitato, and the total of sound is clatter. Some of this may have to do with a dull-sounding, unresonant piano, but more of it is inherent in her pianistic attack and the percussive consequences thereof. A sequential performance of the "Chants Polonais" is well worth having, and Miss Slenczynska is to be congratulated on the thought. The performances are much in the manner of her ballades.
Donizetti: "Il dolce suono," etc. ("Lucia"); Rossini: "Una voce poco fa" ("Il Barbiere"); Bellini: "Qui la voce" ("I Puritani"), "Ah, non credea mirarti" ("La Sonnambula"); Verdi: "Caro nome" ("Rigoletto"), "E strano!" ("Traviata"). Anna Moffo, soprano, with Colin Davis conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel 35861, $4.98.	The Moffo voice continues to develop in quality and color, in flexibility and adaptability. All the vocal problems of these show pieces are managed adroitly; not always solved (as in the descending scales of the Mad Scene, which tend to be glissandi rather than cleanly articulated notes), but even the evasions are skilfully managed. What one may take slight exception to otherwise is the rather affected treatment of the texts, the "acting out" of the words to the point where they interfere with the musical line or retard the tempi. Dramatic validity in such undertakings is all to the good, but, done to excess, it is no more virtuous than any other excess. Davis has little leeway to make much of his conductorial opportunity, following where Miss Moffo leads.
Janacek: "Slavonic Mass." Bretislav Bakala conducting the Brno Radio Symphony, Moravian Mixed Choir and soloists. Supraphon LPV 251, $5.98.	As in some other works of large design known to us (operas, chamber music, orchestral works), Janacek's strong musical impulse is more often impeded than assisted by his skill in articulating it. Here it matters less than elsewhere, perhaps because the Slavonic text is wholly unintelligible, and the experience is thus unique, unaffected by comparisons with anything else. What one hears, then, are strongly contrasted musical statements within the traditional scheme of Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus, etc. Contrasted with the vocal elements are several instrumental. Passable reproduction.
Moussorgsky: "Pictures at an Exhibition." Sviatoslav Richter, piano. Columbia ML 5600, $4.98.	This is much the same performance as one on Artia 154 (where it is coupled with the Prokofiev Sonata No. 7), save that it derives from a public performance in Sofia, and is appreciably more lifelike in sound. Pianistic power of Richter's potential has rarely been so impressively conveyed as in those sections—"Bydlo," "Baba Yaga," "Great Gate of Kiev" especially—in which Richter's orchestration comes close to equalling Ravel's. Imagery and vitality reign supreme in each of the sections, the "Promenades" in particular being treated with individuality. With or without wrong notes, and despite the coughs of the audience (February, 1958, was apparently a throatcatching month in Bulgaria), the drive and intensity of this performance are uniquely Richter's own. There is some question at the present time of Columbia's title to this issue, but it is expected to be resolved very soon.
Mozart: Duos (K. 487); Beethoven: Sextet Opus 81. Christopher Leuba and Paul Binstock, horns, with the Lenox String Quartet. Audiophile AP 70, $5.95.	Neither of these rates higher than curio interest, for the amount of musical personality attributable to either great man in these obscure pieces is negligible. Even so, there are sound reasons for persons with a specialized interest in the French horn, in Mozart or Beethoven, to acquaint themselves with this disc. Leuba, first horn of the Chicago Symphony, has a sure command of his instrument, and Binstock plays well enough to second him competently. Reasonably good recording.
Mozart: Quartet in F (K. 370), Concerto in C (K. 314); Handel: Concerti Nos. 8 (in B flat) and 9 (in B flat); Albinoni: Concerto in D, Opus 7, No. 6, André Lardrot, oboe, with the Boskovsky Quartet and Orchestra conducted by Felix Prohaska. Vanguard VSD 2074, $5.95.	Boskovsky and his like-minded associates of the Vienna Philharmonic make an excellent group of coworkers for Lardrot, as good an oboist as the present time boasts. His well-controlled tone is never pinched or too much tinged with vibrato, his sense of phrase is fastidious, his attention to detail all that one could ask. The most attractive music of the disc is the Mozart quartet, and it is fully realized by Lardrot and associates. Typically enjoyable Vanguard sound. (Monaural: VRS 1060, $4.98.)
Puccini: "Madama Butterfly"—"Dovunque al mondo," "Amore o grillo," Entrance of Butterfly, Duet, "Un bel di," Flower Duet, Chorus, "Addio, fiorito asil," and "Va, va, te lo comando." Victoria de los Angeles, Jussi Bjoerling, and Mario Sereni, with Gabriele Santini conducting orchestra and chorus of the Rome Opera. Capitol SG 7233, $5.98.	Customarily, the "complete" precedes the excerpts, but, for whatever reason, these new performances rank with the best they have ever had on discs. Bjoerling is in pure, pealing sound for his rare effort on behalf of Pinkerton (which he sings superbly), and de los Angeles repeats the outstanding effort of her previous recording with di Stefano. Sereni as Sharpless, Piero de Palma as Goro, and Miriam Pirazzini as Suzuki are also vocal factors of value. Santini indulges some lethargic tempi here and there (especially in the duet at the end of Act I) but the total is ably accomplished. First-class sound, too.
Schubert: "Liebesbotschaft," "Ganymed," "Der Wanderer an den Mond," "An die Laute"; three Bellman songs, others by Wolf and Brahms. Aksel Schiøtz, with Paul Ulanowsky. Dyer-Bennet DYBXS-2, $5.95.	With or without respect to the vocal range he is presently using, Schiøtz is no longer the strongly purposeful, artistically confident singer which his name brings to mind. Thus the power at his disposal to overcome the lack of resonance in the voice as it now sounds is rather waywardly directed, sometimes on, sometimes only close to the pitch. Reasonably good recording. (Monaural: DYBX-2, $4.98.)
Schumann: "Dichterliebe," "Widmung," "Aus den östlichen Rosen," "Die beiden Grenadiere," "Sechs Gedichte," (Opus 90), "Requiem" (Opus 90). Gérard Souzay, baritone, with Dalton Baldwin, piano. Epic BC 1110, $5.98.	In the manner of such predecessors as Charles Panzéra and Pierre Bernac, Souzay commands a surer understanding of the Saxon Schumann's meaning and purpose than most of his Teutonic contemporaries. In addition, his voice has more beauty of sound than either Panzéra or Bernac's, and he is now at peak power, artistically, while its response is still sure and free-flowing. Most of the Opus 90 songs (on Lenau texts) will be new to the listener, thus providing a nice counterbalance to the much-sung "Widmung" and "Two Grenadiers." Baldwin sustains his good pianistic repute. —I.K.

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How Firm A Foundation

JOHN VINCENT: *"Symphonic Poem After Descartes," Symphony in D. The Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting.* Columbia ML 5579, $4.98.

Few American composers have received better attention than that which Columbia lavishes on symphonist John Vincent in its new release of his "Symphonic Poem After Descartes" coupled with his Symphony in D. Assembled here are Eugene Ormandy and his Philadelphians, opulent recorded sound, a jacket cover by no less than Charles Luckman, and notes by Will Durant.

In addition to being an able and skilful composer and teacher (successor to Schoenberg as Professor of Composition at UCLA), John Vincent is also the director of the Huntington Hartford Foundation, which has done much to aid, subsidize, and encourage composers, painters, poets, *et al.* It has also made possible this recording.

Knowing of Vincent's affiliation with the Huntington Hartford Foundation and also of Mr. Hartford's own well-publicized credos and tirades about the contemporary artistic scene, one might wonder just where the composer fits into this scheme of things. That Vincent is right of center should not surprise one. His musical material is diatonic-modal, romantic, and tastefully eclectic. To the avant-garde it will seem somewhat archaic; to the conservative it will be melodious and rewarding. Preoccupation with modality in Vincent's works follows logically his interest in that particular aspect of melody.

Vincent's Symphony in D, which was commissioned by the Louisville Orchestra in 1954, was recorded by that orchestra the following year, (Louisville 57-2) and was subsequently recorded by Columbia (this same version, ML 5263).

A few years ago a full page ad appeared in various urban dailies which bore the bold title "The Public Be Damned." In it, Mr. Hartford identifies the diseases which, he believes, affect the arts today. He says they are obscurity, confusion, immorality, and violence, and suggests "with sincere deference that it is time we take a few minutes out of our busy lives and—do something about it! Ladies and gentlemen, form your own opinions concerning art. Don't be afraid to disagree—loudly, if necessary—with critics. Stand up and be heard."

Critics will have various opinions but it is safe to presume that this recording will please Mr. Hartford as well as a large public. And some may agree with Will Durant who says the music "grows" on him. —OLIVER DANIEL.

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ANNA MOFFO.....*Susanna*
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GIUSEPPE TADDEI.....*Figaro*
A La Scala regular, who's been singing Figaro since 1948 at Salzburg with "smooth elegant tone" and a "real ability to act with his voice" (*High Fidelity*).

CARLO MARIA GIULINI.....*Conductor*
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Angel (S) 3605 D/L

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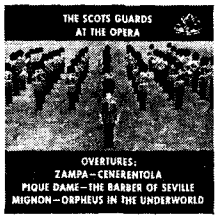

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ANNA MOFFO

At her 1955 Rome Opera debut, the Italians rhapsodized, "A voice with the sweetness and brilliance of our heavens!" (*Corriere della Sera, Milan*). Since then, the beautiful soprano from Wayne, Pa. has appeared with sensational acclaim in most of the world's great opera houses. This is her second solo recital album for Angel, which introduced her to American record-collectors. Arias from *Lucia, Barber of Seville, I Puritani, La Sonnambula, Rigoletto, Traviata.*
Angel (S) 35861

CLAUDIO ARRAU plays Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 5 in E Flat "The Emperor." "Probably the finest interpreter of Beethoven now before the public" (*Gramophone, Gr. Brit.*). Galliera conducts the Philharmonia. **Angel (S) 35722**

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With Lips and Fingers

"MUSIC FOR FRENCH HORN AND ORCHESTRA" (*Telemann, Handel, Steinmetz, Barsanti*). *James Stagliano, Arthur Berv, James Buffington (horns), with Richard Dunn conducting the Kapp Sinfonietta.* Kapp KCL-9053(S), $4.98 (monaural, $3.98).

"MUSIC FOR TRUMPET AND ORCHESTRA, VOL. 3" (*Stanley, Purcell, K.P.E. Bach, Legrenzi, Telemann, Daquin, Altenburg*). *Roger Voisin and John Rhea (trumpets), with Emanuel Vardi conducting the Kapp Sinfonietta.* Kapp KCL-9050(S), $4.98 (monaural, $3.98).

Let it be said at once that both of these records are superbly played and recorded. The soloists perform with all the virtuosity their names suggest, with an occasional pre-echo the only blemish on the artistic and engineering excellence maintained throughout the four sides. These considerations out of the way, we may concern ourselves with the material itself, which is almost without exception unfamiliar.

The quality of the music proves to be more variable than the playing and recording. The disc of horn music is richer in content than the trumpet disc, the splendid Telemann side especially welcome. As far as I can determine, neither Telemann's D major Concerto for Three Horns and Orchestra nor his Suite in F for Two Horns, Two Violins, and Continuo has been recorded before. Actual hunting-calls dart through the outer movements of the concerto, whose slow movement gives the horns a rest and features the violin as soloist. The derivation of the charming five-movement suite is not specified (the *Tafelmusik*?), but the forces employed are even larger than the title suggests.

One might reasonably expect the Handel Concerto in F for Two Horns and Orchestra to be the marvelous *Concerto a due cori* once recorded by Hans von Benda, but a glance at the band on the disc shows it is too short, and in fact this item turns out to be two sections of the "Water Music."

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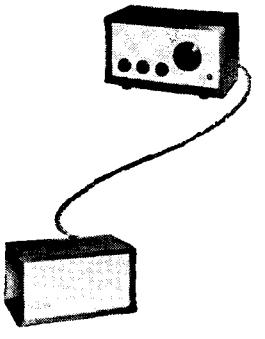
JOHN BROOK



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by a Horn Concerto in D Major is not further identified, and apparently cannot be. Nevertheless, his work is a first-rate vehicle for the instrument, and beautifully realized by Stagliano. Barsanti's Concerto in D for Two Horns is No. 4 of the set of Concerti Grossi, Opus 3, and was presented a few years ago with another concerto from the same set on a now-discontinued Oiseau-Lyre disc. The new version is more polished and completes a most attractive release, on which only the Handel is likely to be duplicated in any collection.

THERE are also just two pieces on the new trumpet record that have been recorded before. Daquin's "Noël Suisse" surely sounds better as an organ solo than in Robert King's arrangement for trumpets and organ. Telemann's Concerto for Trumpet, Strings, and Continuo in D is one of four works by that composer released earlier on Deutsche Grammophon Archive disc ARC-3119 and is in much more distinguished company there. On the Kapp record

Roger Voisin plays an edition by James Goodfriend which differs little from the one by Karl Grebe used by Adolf Scherbaum on the Archive issue, although ornamental trills are more abundant in the former.

The remainder of the new trumpet issue is not particularly memorable, though it is engaging enough. John Stanley's "Trumpet Tune" for organ, arranged for trumpet and orchestra by Henry Coleman and edited by Mr. Goodfriend, is a stimulating piece, but the four short Purcell numbers (Symphony from the "Yorkshire Feast Song," Overtures to "The Duke of Gloucester's Birthday Ode" and "The Indian Queen," and "The Cebell") and the March for Three Trumpets and Timpani by Karl Philipp Emmanuel Bach become simply more of the same sort of thing.

Giovanni Legrenzi's sonata for two trumpets, "La Buscha," and Johann Ernst Altenburg's Concerto for *Seven* Trumpets and Timpani complete the record. Both are moderately interesting, the latter far less terrifying than its scoring might suggest. Altenburg, by the way, is identified in Goodfriend's notes as the author of the "authoritative text on the highly secret art of Baroque trumpet playing." —RICHARD FREED.

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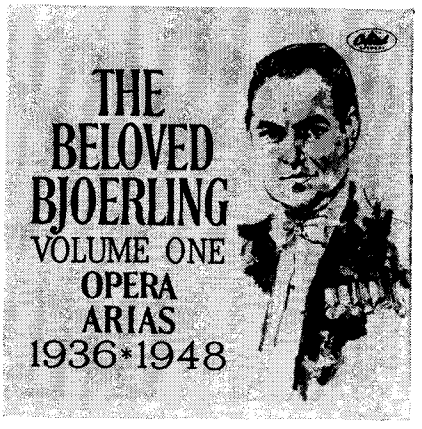

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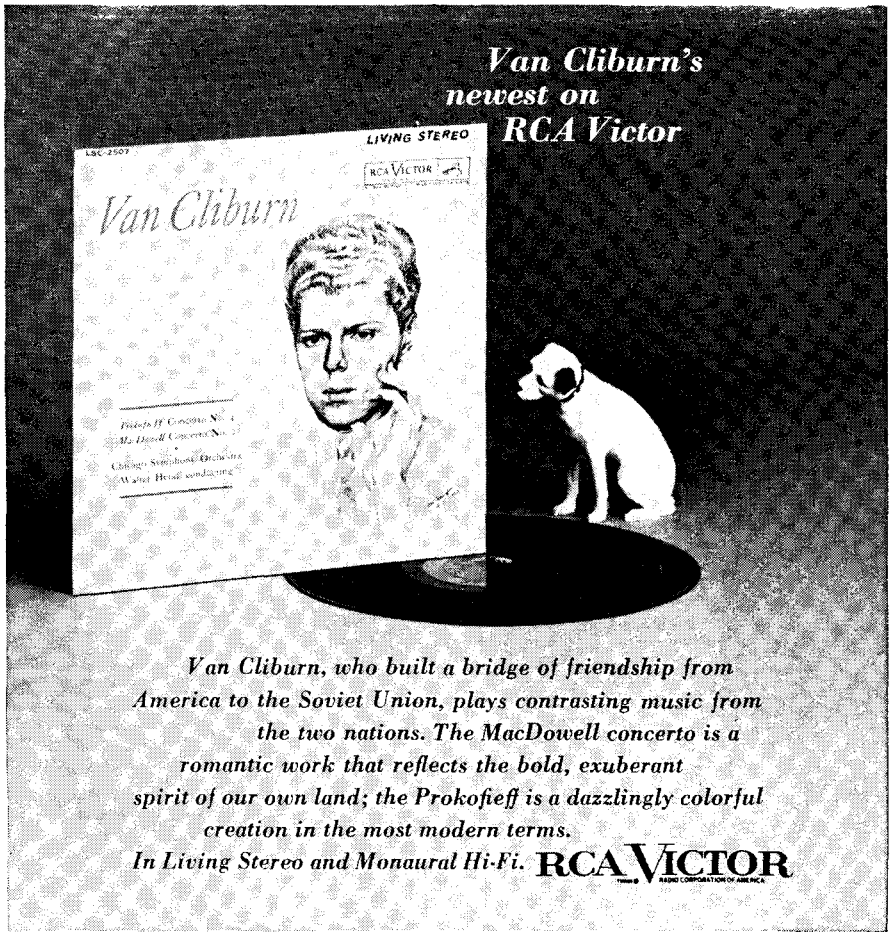

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The Other Side

Prospects and Pleasures

LONDON.

WITH the New Year has come the glimmer of a "New Deal" for record collectors. Recently, when reporting Decca's advance publicity campaign on behalf of the "Fledermaus" set, I wondered whether this departure from the hallowed tradition of secrecy might be "the thin end of the wedge"—but I never thought to witness so quick and extensive a sequel as the new cards-on-the-table policy now initiated by the Philips group and by Associated-Recordings (British distributors of Westminster as well as Russian and Czech discs).

In effect, both these companies have announced the major part of their 1961 schedules, while understandably refusing to tie any particular disc to a specified month. Such news is indeed welcome to collectors who like to plan their purchases with care, yet it would be unwise to bank on similar revelations from other groups even if we may look forward to rather more "inspired leakages" à la "Fledermaus." (Thus Decca has let it be known that the new "Tristan" with Nilsson and Fritz Uhl, under Solti, is scheduled for March.) The fact is that both Philips and A-R fulfil a somewhat different role in this country from the Decca and EMI combines; neither has its own classical recording program, each acting merely as British agents for manufacturers in Europe and the USA.

It is therefore rare for either company to release a disc that has not already been available elsewhere for some time and, this being so, long-term planning presents little difficulty. With "primary producers" like Decca and EMI the problem is quite different: advance disclosure of the year's issues would be tantamount to revealing many recording projects as yet unfinished or not even begun—a policy that would inevitably lead to disappointment as some delectable carrot dangled before our noses turned out to be nothing more than a mirage.

In any case, both our giants have already made it clear that they do not like the general idea, with Decca quoting the aforementioned practical difficulties (and citing, by way of example, the projected RCA "Ballo in Maschera," shelved because of Bjoerling's death), while EMI consider that the record-buying public likes to be surprised. They speak of "pleasant anticipation of our monthly lists"; whether or not ignorance can generate such a feeling may be a moot point. Meanwhile, however, industry and public have matured somewhat and, while one cannot blame any company for refusing to reveal a

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program liberally sprinkled with "its" and "ands," it does seem rather childish to hide a genuine dilemma under a cloak of mystery.

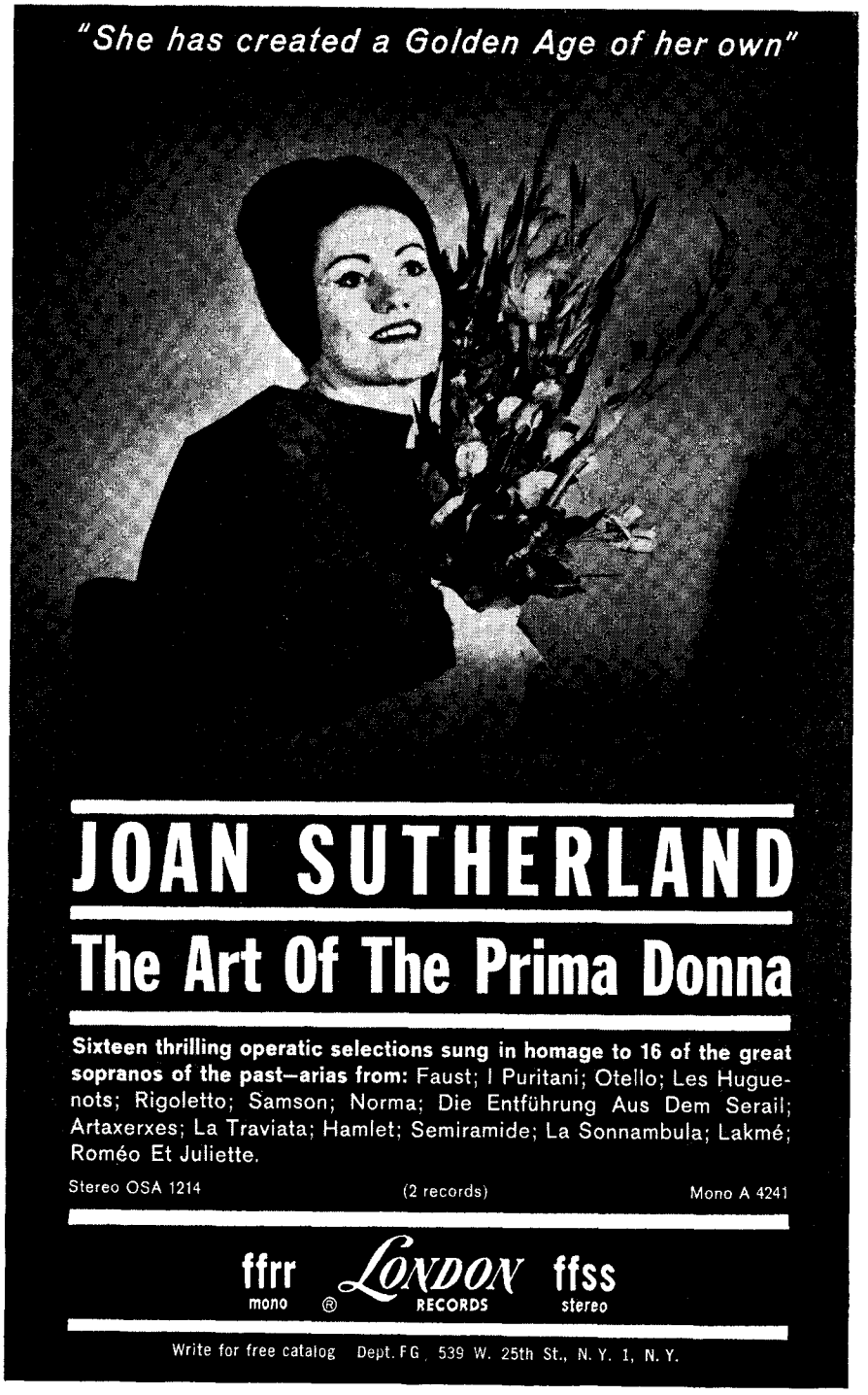
DGG, our other label of real importance, though superficially in the same position as Philips and A-R, is in reality much closer to Decca and EMI in this matter. Its British branch is entirely subservient to Hanover, from whence the finished discs are now imported into this country with a time lag from studio to shop comparable to that for recordings made over here. Yet DGG's spokesman indicated that the situation would be closely watched, while expressing the view that past secrecy had been directed at competitors rather than the public—an observation that conjures up truly delightful fantasies of secret agents, disguised as triangle players, gaining entry to heavily guarded studios and making copious notes in invisible ink while pretending to solve crossword puzzles during 346 bars of rest.

If, having said all this, I refrain from filling the remainder of this page with details of Philips's and A-R's 1961 schedules, it is because few if any of the discs we are thus promised will be new to *SR* readers. The two major groups' first 1961 lists are comparatively brief—to enable the respective studios and factories to catch up with the advertising schedules. In the early days of stereo EMI used to be the most persistent offender, but of late Decca has been just as unreliable; this month, following the time-honored EMI practice, a precise release date was stated (January 6, instead of merely "January"), with the result that a single Oiseau-Lyre disc was ready in time! Apart from this—an attractive and stylishly played collection of Rameau's theatre music (including a substantial suite from "Les Indes Galantes" with Louis de Froment conducting the Lamoureux Chamber Orchestra)—there is nothing, unless we count the knighthood, newly conferred upon and richly deserved by E. R. Lewis (who has guided Decca fortunes for almost thirty years, *per ardua ad astra*), among the company's January achievements. We shall have to wait a little longer, therefore, for the latest Berganza collection of Eighteenth-century arias, for Hungarian and Slavonic Dances played by the Vienna Philharmonic under Reiner, for the same orchestra's performance of "Graduation Ball" under concertmaster Boskovsky and Martinon's Bizet-Saint-Saëns-Ibert miscellany with the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra.

RCA's similarly elusive contribution includes Reiner's performance of "Don Quixote" with Janigro and the Chicago Symphony, Heifetz's remake of the Sibelius Concerto, Horowitz's first stereo disc, devoted to Beethoven Sonatas Opus 57 and Opus 10, No. 3, and—at last!—the incomparable Toscanini-New York Philharmonic Beethoven Seventh, reissued on Camden. The Oiseau-Lyre list, in addition to the Rameau disc already referred to, also features Handel's "L'Allegro ed il Penseroso," a two-disc set involving such talented singers as Elsie Morison, Helen Watts, and Peter Pears, with Thurston Dart (harpsichord) and the Philomusica under David Willcocks.

Apart from the latest Klemperer disc—a Richard Strauss collection which I discussed last month—EMI's January release contains a spick-and-span but rather superficial Sibelius No. 2 from Karajan and the Philharmonia, a pair of French symphonies (Bizet's charming confection in C major and the rather boring G minor of Lalo) played by the Orchestre National under Beecham, and Mozart's C major Concerto, K. 467, performed by Lipatti with the Lucerne Festival Orchestra under Karajan. It is derived from a 1950 broadcast, and whether the reading is sufficiently distinguished to justify the issue of so poorly recorded a disc will be a matter of individual determination.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.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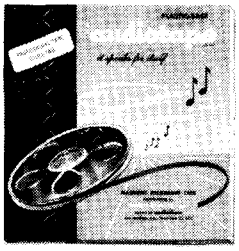

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THE AMEN CORNER

"Miff" and his Mighty Molers

LET US listen to old lutes and madrigals and forget the fevers of the day. I have at hand an immensely bracing LP set called "Thesaurus of Classic Jazz" (Columbia C4L 18, $15.98) which contains eight sides and fifty-two tracks of syncopation recorded between 1926 and 1930 (sixteen of the tracks are of previously unreissued acoustic items). The cover of the album exhibits in color eight historic record labels which will speak to the heart of any early jazz fancier now over fifty, as well as to many younger nostalgics: Perfect, Harmony, Okeh, Pathé, Domino, Actuelle, Star Series Perfect, and Velvet Tone. The crux of the collection inside consists of music by small bands built around Red Nichols, trumpet, and Miff Mole, trombone, and variously known as Miff Mole and His Molers, the Charleston Chasers, the Red Heads, and the Arkansas Travellers. This calls for some comment in this later time when, even among enthusiasts, the knowledge of jazz history is apt to be sketchy and a good many questionable dogmas are bandied about as if they went without saying.

So far as there is a generally accepted canon of jazz opinion today, it holds that most of the best jazz has been made by Negroes or by white men employing a markedly Negroid idiom and style. When the proposition is put as carefully as that, I thoroughly agree with it, and note the word *most*. But when, as is often the case, it is insisted that a music which is not Negro or markedly Negroid cannot be good jazz, I feel as I might if I heard someone say that all the best Spanish music was produced by Spaniards (Debussy and Ravel notwithstanding). So far as I am concerned, and I am sure I am anything but alone in this, some of the very best jazz was produced in the late twenties by bands, such as those mentioned above, in the Nichols-Mole axis. It owed much to the Negroes; it sometimes involved decidedly Negroid players, such as the clarinetist Pee Wee Russell. But in general it was distinctive—call it white, if you like—in style.

What was the basic difference between that style and the Negro? I think the answer is that the Nichols-Mole axis produced music of a pronouncedly *staccato* emphasis (it used to be said that trombonist Mole shot straight from the shoulder), whereas Negro jazz has a prevailing *legato* tendency. Years ago Hugues Panassié pointed out that even when a Negro jazz master plays at the fastest tempi, he plays with legato feeling. I leave the emotional inferences to those who feel fit to explain them. Now the fact is that fine, basically staccato jazz is exceedingly difficult to produce, not simply because brilliant staccato technique is a rarity, but chiefly because the staccato emphasis must at the same time yield an urgent flowing momentum which is the essence of jazz rhythm. Staccato playing, so to speak, always threatens to jerk or swat or punch the rhythmic flow in an awkward manner.

But not so with the delicate Nichols-Mole masters. They *felt* staccato. They were superb technicians. They spun out solo and group improvisations that were light, jetting, full of motion, beautifully controlled. And they were conspicuous for extended melodic invention, especially Miff Mole, whose long trombone lines had an intricate beauty of contour of an order altogether rare not only in jazz but in music at large. In these days when so much riffing (simple phrase-making), ornamentation, and chromatic passage work passes for melody, a gift like Mole's is almost unheard of. The capacity for sustained melody, for giving delightful cohesive shape to a whole protracted series of notes, is always of course one of the rarest things in music; in any period the outstanding melodists are very few. In this light, and in that of his fantastic trombone technique, he is surely one of the most extraordinary men in jazz history and the dominant figure of the Nichols-Mole groups.

All this is evident in the new "Thesaurus." From the standpoint of musical value, the four LPs or "volumes" that make up the set may perhaps be ranked in the reverse order of their numbering, and on this basis, I will suggest some of the highlights:

Volume 4: There is wonderfully buoyant interplay in the final ensembles of "Brown Sugar" and "Heebie Jeebies" by the Red Heads, and of "Red Head Blues" and "Boneyard Shuffle" by the Arkansas Travellers. The last-named number contains one of Mole's most piquant solos; his easy control of difficult skips is well nigh unbelievable. In "Get a Load of This" Eddie Lang offers a lovely, lyrical guitar solo in which he is in effect playing antiphonally with himself. Most of the sixteen tracks in this volume have an effervescence that

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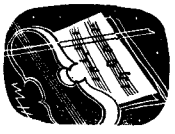
is unusual even in Nichols-Mole circles.

Volume 3: Five of these tracks—"Mississippi Mud," "Sugar Foot Strut," "Imagination," "Five Pennies" and "Feelin' No Pain"—have solid little arrangements by the clarinetist Fud Livingston which are a perfect, propulsive setting for the Nichols-Mole improvisers. "Sugar Foot Strut" is notable among other things for one of the most teasingly persuasive of the clarinetist Pee Wee Russell's many invitations to the dance. Here, as in the great distilleries of Kentucky, is a prime example of the use of sober means to obtain an intoxicating effect.

Volume 2: "My Gal Sal" leads, again, to some irresistible Russell, and to Adrian Rollini on the bass saxophone, where he spoke with deep melodic discretion and authority. In "Crazy Rhythm," Miff Mole plays one of the most beautiful and fastidious of all jazz solos. To suggest its refinement in terms of other musical idioms, I feel not in the least apologetic about using such a term as Mozartian. I am referring in both cases to a quality of final, utterly subtle grace.

Volume 1: This volume gets partially away from the Nichols-Mole axis with, among other things, two of the appealing sides that the late and famous cornetist Bix Beiderbecke made with Frank Trumbauer's orchestra: "Humpty Dumpty" and "Three Blind Mice." This jazz, involving considerable arranging, is more lush and big-band in feeling than the Nichols-Mole variety, but the solo cornetist is in admirable form, and "Humpty-Dumpty," composed and arranged by Fud Livingston, is a handsome theme. There is also a track of the fine, stomping "Hot Heels" by Eddie Lang's orchestra, which might easily fool the unwary in view of the fact that the trombonist Tommy Dorsey is to be heard playing a clamorous, shouting Negroid trumpet.



Especially in view of latter-day developments, it is easy to find flaws in the Nichols-Mole jazz. For instance, the pianists Arthur Schutt and Rube Bloom sound cumbersome today; Jimmy Dorsey's clarinet and Nichols's trumpet sometimes verge on the insipid; many of the performances are markedly uneven in quality. But such strictures are not the point. In their best works the Nichols-Mole bands, with their silvery staccato command, produced jazz of a unique and lasting elegance. Its devotees will not stop consulting the "Thesaurus." —Wilder Hobson.

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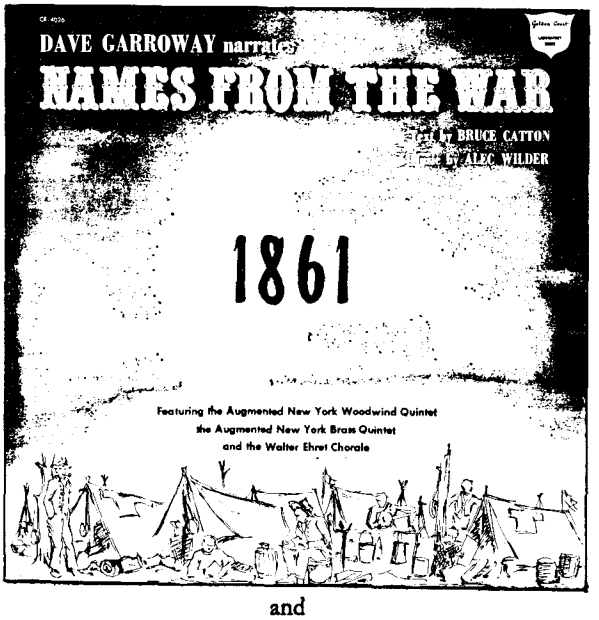

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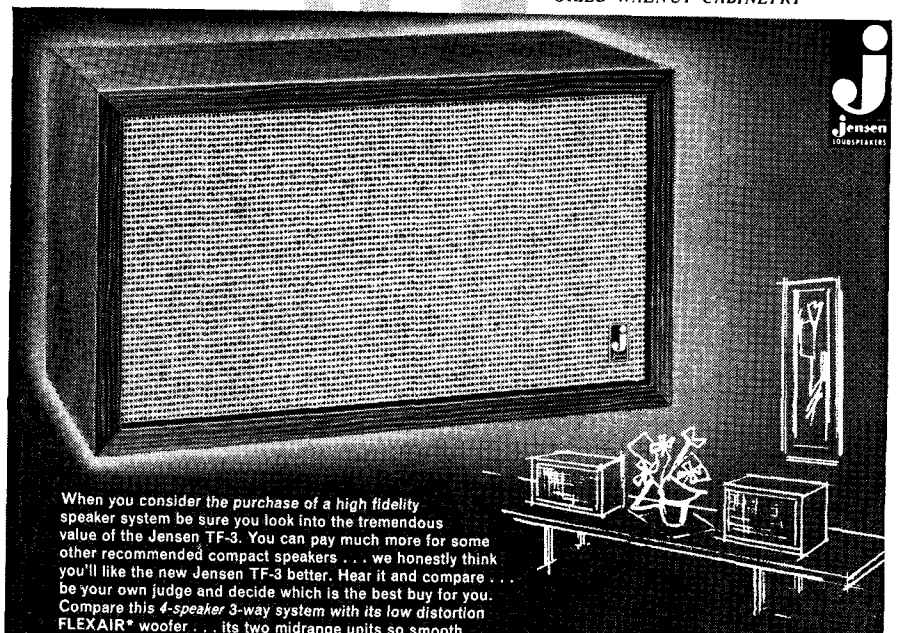

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New Theatres

Continued from page 37

tions. To illustrate that statement, he added, "With the strong classical tradition in Europe, the wide-forestage performance is considered much more abstractly than in the USA, where it is used with realistic production technique." Insisting that auditoriums seating fewer than 1,000 are essential to the theatre, he warned against allowing the problems of the masses to dictate large halls.

Philip Johnson began by replying to Saint-Denis that America has the problem of the mass theatre, where one seat fewer than 2,500 is simply too small, thus forcing the architect to consider the same problems of intimacy and contact in terms of this much larger audience. Turning to other twentieth-century theatrical architecture, he suggested that Le Corbusier, Mies van der Rohe, Gropius, and Stubbins be considered representatives of the "Clear, International Modern"; that Jørn Utzon, Alvar Aalto, and Frank Lloyd Wright represent "Expressionism"; and that he and Eero Saarinen be considered as "baroque." His request for a return to the baroque and a festive style was met with opposition from many of the later papers.

Walther Unruh, speaking with authority as an expert on stage architectural problems, reminded us of the necessity for the present organization of the factorylike German opera house. But in suggesting that two of the most significant recent attempts to simplify (those at Malmö, Sweden, and in Mannheim, Germany) theatrical architecture were both operationally and architecturally unsatisfactory, he forgot that our needs are different from Germany's. It was important to hear once more that the theatre does need modern technology, and that architects best serve the needs of modern drama by working closely with a technical specialist. This would be true of the most simple and complex plan.

Following the three introductory speakers were: Hermann Gressieker, a playwright advocating simple techniques; clarification of certain basic acoustics rules by Wilhelm Lassen Jordan, Hermann Scherchen, and Werner Gabler; and a discussion of the American University Theatre by Carolyn Lockwood. All were valuable to an understanding of the whole problem.

Dr. Gressieker, describing the condition of the improvised theatre of early postwar Germany, asked the architect for a simple platform, protection from rain, and provision for seeing and hearing well. "We want a minimal stage. . . . hasn't it always been this way? Sociological principles are not enough for a good theatre; we need dramaturgical ideas: a structural or tectonic element in drama!" Analyzing contemporary trends in dramatic literature, he suggested that there has been a retrogression in the progress of drama since Thornton Wilder's early plays ("Our Town" and "The Skin of Our Teeth"). Wilder, he felt, was consistent with ideas of the "open stage" and the current thinking on theatrical illusion. The open, or "space stage," should simply have sufficient flexibility to permit the playing of Racine or Ibsen in a perspective treatment, *if desired*, but he warned against a multiform theatre: "The multiform theatre makes things too easy for art; this shouldn't be! . . . We need a violin that can be played and resonates."

Dr. Jordan, after discussing his own work in Copenhagen, offered six good rules of acoustics for the design of opera houses and musical theatres:

1. The greatest possible number of reflecting areas *outside of*, and if possible *inside of*, the stage space should be provided to help the singer.

2. The reverberation time of the stage room should be restrained.

3. The orchestra pit should not be too narrow, and should have good reflecting areas for instrument groups. A rectangular and not too narrow form is best.

4. Damping of loud instruments in the pit can be accomplished through deep-tone absorbers placed in the pit.

5. Auditorium reverberation time should be between 1.4 and 2 seconds.

6. Auditorium walls should be irregular, for diffusion of sound.

The following five categories, said Dr. Jordan, represent what is known in work with acoustics:

1. *Sound distribution* had been mastered by the Greeks.

2. We have the Sabin Equations for *reverberation time*.

3. *Intelligibility* has been clarified by the work of Knudsen.

4. *Diffusion* is measurable; it is more than a purely subjective judgment.

5. *Rise time* can be judged by the musician; it has been formulated by Backhaus and can be calculated in a 10:1 scale acoustic model.

Hermann Scherchen, speaking more subjectively, noted that *taste* is important in acoustics, that preferences may change with time. The proper judgment of new sounds in new buildings should consider that the best is not necessarily that which sounds most familiar; there is such a thing as contemporary sound. And on the subject of the recurrent objection to sound of the violin being masked in some pits, he stated that it occurs in all pits, and

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that this "madness without end" is simply a result of violins facing toward the wall of the pit room.

Werner Gabler, going one step further, asked: What was wanted of the acoustician? Fully reverberant or fully absorbent rooms? In an attempt to discard the preconceptions of acoustics, he said that almost anything is possible: "there is no ideal form for a room; every room has its own characteristics; there are all possible mixtures!"

Carolyn Lockwood's decision to speak to the meeting on the subject of the American University Theatre was wisely made. The announcement that the next ten years would see the construction of 750 new theatres on the university level brought a response of shocked amazement from those present. But a group of German architects and theatre specialists, in an informal discussion, questioned her conclusion that the theatres lacked an air of festivity. They found their simplicity and straightforwardness most appealing. In such a theatre, they observed, the audience does not come as it would to an ordinary paid performance; people come to "play with," to participate in, thus supplying the most fundamental qualification of "a living theatre." They saw the result of such widespread student participation in drama as certain to produce a national living theatre in fifty years, comparable to a German system which required 300 years to reach a comparable maturity!

Strong directions and conclusions did grow from the five days of discussion. They form a particularly relevant and vital body of thought because of the conditions of the meeting and the people who were present. They suggest, to the architect in particular, direct approaches to the analysis of a certain project he may have. They are probably as much as could have been desired of such a gathering.

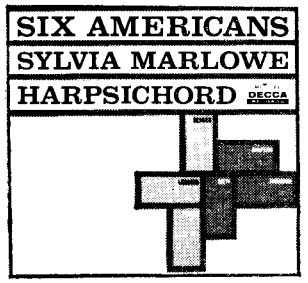
Although *all* plays are being produced today in *all* theatres, proving that it is possible, this results from nearly all our theatres having been built under the influence of one stylistic tradition. There are important differences between the performance *styles* of different periods. Our theatres should be able to do justice to them. New buildings should permit the playing of historical as well as modern works, without inconvenience to either. It is conceivable, possibly desirable, that the future will find theatres specializing in certain plays, with other theatres doing other plays, in a variety of strong and different dramatic concepts. As yet it is not possible to claim any given form of presentation or technique as being specifically of this era. It is desirable and probable that we will find one or more "modern styles," but this will happen only if the playwright builds his conception around a definite physical form (a "free-form" form, if that is what he prefers), if architects of theatres maintain an interest in the progress of modern dramaturgy, if directors concern themselves to relate the inner form of a work to a given architectural environment. All three must adopt an experimental attitude, freeing themselves of historical approaches to new works.

FOR dramatic works, the immediately postwar necessity for bare-platform performances in Germany, low-budget community and university theatres in the USA, and the less sophisticated needs of many countries that lack the economic power and tradition to build large theatres have all suggested simplified production techniques. They are *at least* valuable in a search for form, they are suggestive of many new relationships of actor to audience, they are possibly desirable as fully developed forms for theatrical performance. The direct contact of spectator and audience which is a product of these types has already proven valuable. Theatre-in-the-round relies for its success on a short enough distance to the last row that body movement can be understood from behind the actor, and so that sound-reflecting surfaces are close enough to maintain a high hearing level.

Opera, performed successfully with the orchestra and conductor in different positions still seems to rely on the orchestra separating stage and audience. Limitations of viewing distance are not usually considered so severe in the case of opera. The proscenium arch, conventional side-stages and stage tower will always be a hindrance to the singer, while the orchestra pit, particularly when partially covered, will aid in mixing the sound and maintaining a balance.

The architect, if given freedom of choice in the design of a theatre, has several possibilities. His alternatives are four: to build a multi-purpose hall, where the room will be used for various theatrical and nontheatrical functions; a multiform room, a defined space permitting several variations in the relationship of actor and spectator, stage boundary and audience seating; a space with a fixed, though new, form, forcing the director to explore the one actor-spectator relationship provided; a free-form theatre, a space with a roof, or other protection from the weather, few architectural limitations, infinitely variable relationship of actor and audience.

Adoption by the architect of a fixed-



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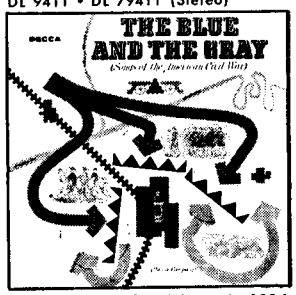

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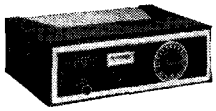

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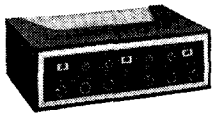

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form relationship has the great advantage of allowing the architect, director, and playwright to explore the full implications of one relationship between actor and spectator. It would be particularly advantageous in a large city, where it is likely that many more (and probably different) fixed-form theatres could be built, each tending to serve that part of the repertory best satisfied by its qualifications. It would encourage the development of a strong performance style. The audience would become familiar with the nature of one dramatic medium. Experience with theatre-in-the-round has shown that although everything *can* be played, only some works achieve outstanding success.

The construction of a multi-purpose theatre is normally the product of economic or educational dictates; many cultural functions are served under one roof. Such a building does encourage small communities to *experiment* in theatrical performance. The multi-form theatre permits the performance of theatre-in-the-round, Shakespearian drama, and Italian opera in the same building, by mechanical modifications of the seating pattern and stage shape. The free-form theatre has been formulated by Werner Ruhnau as "Theatre placed in a climatized space within the city, using a system of moving roofs and platforms to give ultimate flexibility." It is characterized by a complete freedom of disposition of the audience and acting areas within a covered space of undefined architectural limits; historical staging techniques can be satisfied; the requirements of a modern "space stage" are fulfilled.

The dominance of the proscenium arch has ended. Its use for historical performances of drama of the seventeenth through twentieth centuries helps preserve a stylistic integrity. Both drama and opera could benefit from more proscenium flexibility. And the acousticians indicate a willingness to listen for what is wanted.

We have reached a time for change, and a transformation will probably take place rather quickly. For these new developments it would be worth remembering these comments:

Sven Markelius: ". . . today the proscenium will dominate, but perhaps in the future the iron curtain can go. . . ."

Werner Ruhnau: "It must be a *living theatre*, and have no fixed form. . . ."

Pierre Vago: ". . . The forms of the theatre are subject to change."

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André Villiers: ". . . We must recognize a plurality of drama by a plurality of forms."

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

MORE ON RICHTER

I WAS VERY MUCH interested to read Joseph Biskind's anti-Richter letter in your December 31 issue. After having heard so much about Sviatoslav Richter in the way of flattery and praise, I was really surprised to learn that somebody doesn't like Richter.

I read the article written by Jan Holcman. I found it very interesting. The word "great" should be defined as "outstanding" when used in the title "Great Artists of Our Time." I don't see why Mr. Biskind should be so much offended by the reference to Mr. Richter as "great." After reading the raving reviews of Mr. Richter's concerts and records, I would watch myself before I would violently criticize him for a poorly selected program of the sort that he played in Berkeley.

I own eight of Mr. Richter's recordings. I have not yet heard him in person, but if he is better in a concert than he is on recordings, he must be phenomenal. At any rate, I am convinced that he is one of the finest musical artists of this century and probably the greatest living pianist. I certainly believe that "Great" should not be used lightly, but in Mr. Richter's case "great" is a very small word for such a fabulous artist. I hope to read many more articles on Sviatoslav Richter in *SR*. Thank you for your so far accurate and thorough information.

SHEILA MCCAIN,
Kansas State University.
Manhattan, Kan.

"DESERET" AS HISTORY

UNTIL I WATCHED "Deseret" I did not know that as early as 1862 the expression "War Between the States" had been invented, and was already being used by that Vermont Yankee, Brigham Young!

Of course, when the expression was finally coined and used in the 1860s, it was employed only by rabid believers in the Southern cause and in slavery. It was very interesting to learn from Anne Howard Bailey's libretto that Brigham Young (and hence, the Mormon Church) was an ardent advocate of slavery and of the Southern cause and, in his dealings with Captain James Dee, would naturally seek to betray the Federal Government!

It would appear to me that a libel may have been committed against Brigham Young and the Mormon Church by NBC, Bailey, and Kastle.

I would suggest that the word "war" be retained, but the words "between the states" be deleted from the libretto.

Perhaps NBC should also publish an apology.

FREDERICK F. BLUMBERG.
Philadelphia, Pa.

STEBER'S MOZART

IN YOUR REVIEW "Sutherland, Phase Two," [*SR*, Dec. 31] you note that Miss Sutherland's "Martern aller Arten" lacks the impact and thrust of the version by Miss Marshall in the Beecham "Seraglio."

Have you ever tried Eleanor Steber's version on St/And Records, 101? I was even fortunate enough to be in Carnegie Hall for that one!

MARY HICKS.
Drexel Hill, Pa.

ORGANS BY SIZES

I SHOULD LIKE to point out an error of fact in David Hebb's review of recent organ recordings [*SR*, Dec. 3]. In referring to the organ of St. Sulpice (6,588 pipes) he says that "the honor, if such it be, of being the largest instrument in continental Europe goes either to it or to the organ in the cathedral of Passau."

St. Sulpice is probably the largest organ in France, though by a very narrow margin. There are however, numerous organs in Europe of greater size. Among those that come to mind readily are Engelberg Monastery (Switzerland), Trondheim Cathedral (Norway), the organs in the cathedrals of Freiburg i. B., Ulm, and Munich. The famous organ of the Passau cathedral has 207 stops and rather more than 17,000 pipes.

W. G. MARIGOLD.
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Senior Citizens

Continued from page 13

justments. Our approach has been psychologically harsh, politically hazardous, and economically immature. We have not made the cultural accommodation necessary.

Our mistake began when we confused and identified the problem of aging with the economic question of retirement. Thus we aggravated what Dr. Robert Monroe, an authority on the aging, refers to as "the shock of finding oneself old" with the shock of finding oneself on a shelf—a dusty shelf in the dark. An elderly man testified at the hearings: "Within the past year seven men retired from our local post office. Since retiring, five of them have died. All seemed content and happy before retiring. Sometimes you wonder."

The first step we need to take is to cease branding all those over sixty-five as useless. In light of the statistics, we might introduce social and individual flexibility in retirement without any powerful repercussions. Out of 16,000,000 over sixty-five, only 3,000,000 are currently employed even part time. If the number doubled there would be no glutting of the labor market. "Let people wear out—don't kill them off," begs a Michigan nursing home official. "Remove limitations," urges Senator Leverett Saltonstall. "I am against putting the elderly on a shelf."

Limiting the earnings of old folks is a serious psychological mistake in a society where usefulness tends to be measured in money, where prestige is dependent in great part on income. The elders must either forego their rightful allotment—or foreclose their careers. Again, there could be great psychological value in the knowledge that you may retire on an allotment if you *so choose*, but that you will not be shunted off against your will. The handful of senior citizens who carry on in worth-while jobs could be the beacons of respect and recognition that would keep other old people from mental aberration and despair.

A recent report of the United Nations tells of a sixty-eight-year-old petroleum engineer from Texas who was recruited for a year's assignment to Turkey in the technical assistance program. "But are you going away off there and leave your wife, at your age?" queried a friend. "Not a chance," laughed the delighted recruit. "My wife is a former nurse, you know. She's as eager as I am to get over there and see what she can do for those people." It was a strikingly successful mission.

The United States has a technical assistance program of its own, plus a special interest in the aged which is

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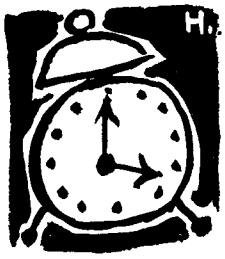
growing by the moment. It might be suggested that in addition to the proposed Peace Corps of young people for the underdeveloped countries, we also recruit our experienced senior citizens for such assignments. A hundred grandsires with attaché cases on the international frontier could do a great deal for the morale of oldsters.

Having ceased cutting the elderly off from normal living at an arbitrary age, the second step, say their defenders, is to deal with them as persons, not as a special "problem group." Significantly, geriatric clinics, set up with special consideration for the needs of the aged, are almost universally unsuccessful. For all their concern about their health, says Dr. Robert Monroe, "People do not want to be segregated on the basis of age. . . . If one goes to a geriatric clinic he must expect to be treated there according to the downgrading concept our contemporary culture holds for the aged." We should be gratified that American elders fight against being herded and treated en



masse. Yet, isolated and ignored too long, it is but human to lend an ear to the siren promises of a power-hungry organizers, as have the Negroes, labor, and veteran groups at various times in political history.

Dr. Joy Elmer Morgan, recently retired head of the National Education Association, has another approach to the organization potential of the retired which places emphasis on "constructive citizenship for the common good." He points to the worsening plight of Western civilization and concludes that this is indeed no time to put in mummy wraps "the experience, perspective, wisdom, and skill of men and women who have lived through the most amazing and portentous period in the history of man." He is trying to lift the eyes of the old "from getting to giving," and "from aging to living."

That the older generation has sagacious leadership to draw from in its own ranks is evident. That it resists selfish pressure-grouping has been proved. But today we are face to face with one of the most poignant dramas to come out of our technological advance—slow, enforced death to the human spirit. And although they once ran the country, these old folks are powerless to combat it without our help and understanding.

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(Continued on page 58)

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(Continued from page 57)

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. A whodunit (2 wds.).

B. Marine hail.

C. The faculty which William James tells us to keep alive by "a little gratuitous exercise every day."

D. Skillful in forecasting changes, of political opinion, meteorological conditions, etc.

E. Having become by development (2 wds.).

F. Soft, greasy substance which melts when smeared on the skin.

G. Acc'g to The Oxford Song Book, where "a young fellow fell" as he sang "Rule Britannia."

H. Irish actor and playwright, a leading figure on N.Y. stage (19th cent.; 2 wds.).

I. What the jilted lover gets.

J. Yearly.

K. Specifying the fresh egg (comp.).

WORDS

3 106 159 188 25 97 66 90 32 6 133 39

121 75 113 181

78 86 192 134 26 163

12 180 47 87 55 30 132 60 164 199 70

173 122 185 95 151 85 23 144 18

33 110 19 170 98 29 128 195

40 179 191 14 130 2 137 46 152

84 93 167 100 136 123 52 165 140 42 178 118 190 79

16 37 155 142 35 120

62 83 141 150 193 112 28 50

201 36 59 153 43 82 166

DEFINITIONS

L. Provision in a sport, to modify play to special prevailing conditions (2 wds.).

M. Baronetcy of private sec'y to Disraeli (1838-1903).

N. En route for (4 wds.).

O. Lying.

P. In law, discontinuance.

Q. French for broadcasting.

R. Toweling.

S. Specifying a pattern (of china, silver, etc.) supposed to be always in the store, on sale (2 wds.).

T. Of revolting pursuits and habits.

U. Denied the validity of.

V. Catch the meaning of something.

W. Category in which Texas recently scored more than a billion barrels in one year (3 wds.).

WORDS

20 69 15 108 104 129 119 131 115 161

7 107 135 156 143 172

65 125 117 61 89 109 99 74 24 11

200 92 189 53 41 63 196 38 68 72

198 149 44 27 168 154 45

126 194 13 81 91 184 197 76 175

145 183 48 160 127 169 56 1 139

58 77 4 114 34 8 67 138 102

147 9 80 124 157 103 94 177

101 171 54 71 186 111 182 21 158 64

96 162 31 148 176 88 146 10 57

116 187 49 73 105 174 5 51 22 17

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 R	2 G	3 A	4 S		5 W	6 A	7 M	8 S	9 T		10 V	11 N	12 D		13 Q	14 G	15 L
16 I		17 W	18 E	19 F	20 L		21 U	22 W	23 E	24 N	25 A	26 C		27 P	28 J	29 F	30 D
31 V		32 A	33 F		34 S	35 I	36 K		37 I	38 O		39 A	40 G	41 O		42 H	43 K
44 P		45 P	46 G	47 D	48 R	49 W		50 J	51 W	52 H	53 O		54 U	55 D	56 R	57 V	58 S
59 K		60 D	61 N	62 J	63 O		64 U	65 N		66 A	67 S	68 O		69 L	70 D	71 U	72 O
73 W	74 N		75 B	76 Q	77 S	78 C		79 H	80 T		81 Q	82 K	83 J	84 H		85 E	86 C
	87 D	88 V	89 N		90 A	91 Q	92 O		93 H	94 T		95 E	96 V	97 A	98 F		99 N
100 H	101 U		102 S	103 T	104 L	105 W		106 A	107 M	108 L		109 N	110 F	111 U	112 J		113 B
114 S	115 L	116 W		117 N	118 H	119 L	120 I		121 B	122 E	123 H	124 T	125 N	126 Q		127 R	128 F
129 L		130 G	131 L	132 D	133 A	134 C	135 M		136 H	137 G	138 S	139 R		140 H	141 J	142 I	143 M
	144 E	145 R	146 V		147 T	148 V	149 P	150 J	151 E	152 G		153 K	154 P	155 I	156 M	157 T	158 U
	159 A	160 R	161 L	162 V	163 C	164 D	165 H		166 K	167 H	168 P	169 R	170 F	171 U	172 M	173 E	
174 W	175 Q	176 V		177 T	178 H	179 G	180 D		181 B	182 U	183 R		184 Q	185 E		186 U	187 W
188 A	189 O	190 H	191 G		192 C	193 J	194 Q	195 F	196 O		197 Q	198 P		199 D	200 O	201 K	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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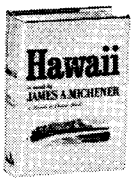

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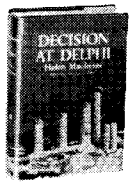

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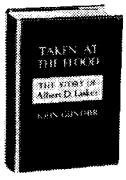

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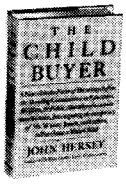

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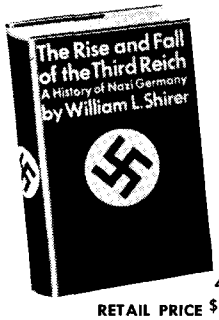

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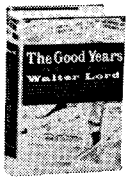

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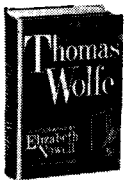

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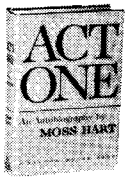

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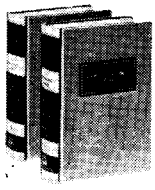

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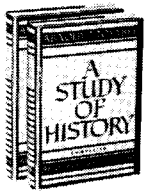

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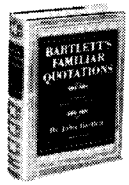

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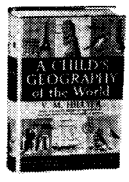

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